

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

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POEMS 1885

ON VIOL AND FLUTE

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MR EDMUND GOSSE

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ON VIOL AND FLUTE

BY

EDMUND GOSSE, C.B.



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To

THE VICOUNTESS WOLSELEY

*Among pearls and diamonds
Find room for this frail mortal one —
This bunch of pale daisies and roses*

*An hour or so will pass away
That would in other days have
A bitterer fruit and sadder*

VER 173

PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS collection contains all that the author desires to preserve of each of his verses as were published, up to the year 1879, in certain volumes, all of which are now out of print. It is uniform with the later volume, *Ποίηματα Ἐκείνη, and εἰς τὴν Πόλιν*.

The frontispiece was designed for this edition by L. ΛΙΝΑ ΤΑΠΟΛΑ, R.A., and the tailpiece by ΗΛΕΝΑ ΤΡΟΙΛΙΟΠΟΥΛΟΥ, P.A.

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THE WHITETHROAT

I HEARD the Whitethroat sing
Last eve at twilight when the wind was dead,
And her steel bosom and her fur smooth head
Vibrated, ruffling, and her olive wing
Trembled So soft her song was that it seemed
As though in wandering through the copse at noon,
She must have found the holy bough where dreame (1
The day struck Nightingale
And, listening, must have overheard too soon
The dim rehearsal of that golden tale
That greets the laggard moon

But through the imitative strain
Between each gentle cadence, and again

When those clear notes she tried, for which her throat
Was not so capable as laid,

I joyed to hear her own peculiar note
Through all the music float.

And when the gentle song that streamed away
Like some enamoured rivulet that flows
Under a night of leaves and flowering may
Died on the stress of its own lovely pain,
Even as it died away,

It seemed as if no influence could restrain
The notes from welling in the Whitethroat's brain
But with the last faint chords, on flattening wing
She rose, until she hung in sunset air,

A little way she rose, as if her care
Were all to reach the heaven, her radiant goal,
Then sank among the leaves.

Pathetic singer! with no strength to sing
And wasted pinions far too weak to bear
The body's weight that maim the singing soul,
In wild aloof der, saw her below heaven!
Scarcely, with quivering plumes

She was the sparse bough of that tulip-tree,
Whose leaves unfinished ape her faulty song,
Whose myrtle flowers her delicate minstrelsy
But, hark ! how her rich throat resumes
Its broken music, and the garden blooms
Around her, and the flower that waited long,
The vast magnolia, rends its roseate husk,
And opens to the dusk,
Odour and song emanate from the day's dead no
Ah ! pulsing heart of mine,
Flattered beyond all judgment by delight,
This piercing harmony, the gentle light,
This soft and enervating breeze of flowers,
This magic interchamber of the night
With flood tapestry of twilight hours
Is this enough for thee ?
Lo ! from the summit of the tulip tree
The enamoured Whitthroat answered " Yes ! O yes !"
And once again, with passion and the stress
Of thoughts too tender and too sad to be
Enshrouded in any melody she knew

She rose into the air,
And then, oppressed with pain too keen to bear,
Her last notes faded as she downward flew

And she was silent But the night came on,
A whisper rose among the giant trees,
Between their quivering topmost boughs there shone
The liquid depths of moonlight tinted air,
By slow degrees
The darkness crept upon me unware.
The enchanted silence of the hoar, of dew
Fell like a mystic presence more and more,
Aving the senses Then I knew,
But scarcely heard, thrilled through to the brain's core,
The shrill first prelude of triumphant song,
Cleaving the twilight Ah! we do thee wrong,
Unequalled Philomela, while thy voice
We hear not, every gentle song and clear
Seems worthy of thee to our poor noontide choice
But when thine, true fierce music, full of pain,
And wounded memory, and the sore austere

Of antique passion, fills our hearts again,
We marvel at our light and frivolous ear
Ah! how they answer from the woodland glades!
How deep and rich the waves of music pour
On night's enchanted shore!
From starlit alleys where the elm tree shades
The hushes smooth herets from the moon's distress,
From pools all silvered o'er,
Where water buds their petals up and press,
Vibrating with the song, and stir, and shed
Their inmost perfume o'er their shining bed,
Yea, from each copse I hear a bird,
As by a more than mortal woe undone,
Sing, as no other creature ever sang,
Since through the Phrygian forest Alys heard
His wild compeers come fluting one by one,
Till all the silent uplands rang and rang

THE RETURN OF THE SWALLOWS

"OUT in the meadow the young grass springs,
Shivering with sap," said the larks, "and we
Shoo' into air with our strong young wings,
Spurting up over level and lea ;
Come, O swallows, and fly with us
Nor the horizon we luminous !
Exercising and warming the world of light,
Spreading and kinching is infinite !"

Far away by the sea in the south,
The hills of olive and slopes of fern
We lean and glow in the sun's long slough,
Under the heavens that brown and burn
And all the swallows were gathered there

Flitting about in the fragrant air,
And heard no sound from the larks, but sea
Flashing under the blinding blue

Out of the depths of their soft rich throats
Languidly fluted the thrushes, and said
" Musical thought in the mild air floats,
Spring is coming and winter is dead !
Come, O Swallows and stir the air,
For the buds are all bursting unweary
And the drooping eaves and the elm trees long
To hear the sound of your low sweet song "

Over the roofs of the white Algarve,
Flash'ngly shadow'ng the bright breeze,
I lifted the swallows, and not one hears
The call of the thrushes from far, from far,
Sighed the thrushes, then, all at once,
Broke out singing the old sweet tone,
Singing the bridal of sap and shoot,
The trees slow lift between root and front

But just when the dingles of April flowers
Shine with the earliest daffodils,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear noons
Gleam with a promise that noon fulfils --
Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
Perched on a spray by a rivulet side,
Swallows, O Swallows, come back again,
To swoop, and herald the April run.

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused, and alighted and twittered apart,
And met in the broad white dreamy square,
And the sad slave woman, who lifted up
From the floor her broad lipped catchen cap
Said to herself, with a weary sigh
'To-morrow the swallows will northward fly'

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST DOROTHY

A wanderer wandering from the east,
A saint immaculately white,
I saw in holy dream last night,
Who rode upon a milk white beast,
Across the woods her shadow fell,
And wrought a strange and silent spell,
A miracle

With firm set eyes, and changeless face,
She pressed the cities one by one,
Her hair was coloured like the sun,
And shed a glory round the place,
Where'er she came, she was so fair,
That men fell down and worshipped there
In silent prayer

But just when the dingles of April flowers
Shine with the earliest daffodils,
When, before sunrise, the cold clear hours
Gleam with a promise that noon fulfils,—
Deep in the leafage the cuckoo cried,
Perched on a spray by a rivulet side,
Swallows, O Swallows, come back again,
To swoop, and herald the April run

And something awoke in the slumbering heart
Of the alien birds in their African air,
And they paused, and alighted, and twittered apart,
And met in the broad white dreamy square,
And the sad slave woman, who lifted up
From the fountain her broad lipped earthen cup
Said to herself, with a weary sigh,
‘ To-morrow the swallows will northward fly ! ’

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST DOROTHY

A MAIDEN wandering from the east,
A saint immaculately white,
I saw in holy dream last night,
Who rode upon a milk white beast,
Across the woods her shadow fell,
And wrought a strange and silent spell,
A miracle

With firm set eyes, and changeling's face,
She passed the cities one by one,
Her hair as coloured like the sun
And shed a glory round the place,
Where'er she came, she was so fair
That men fell down and worshipped there
In silent prayer

And ever in her sacred hands
She bore a quaintly carved pyx,
Of serpentine and sardonyx,
The wonder of those eastern lands,
Whereto were laid, preserved in myrrh,
The gifts of vase and transfer
She bore with her

And after many days she came
To that high mountain where are built
The towers of Samos, carved and gilt
And laboured like thin spires of flame
Then like a traveller coming home
She let her milk-eyed palfrey roam
And upward climb

Oh then methought the turrets rung
With shouting joyous multitudes,
And through the turret in criades
O choral hosts, like played and sang
Such welcome, since the world hath been

To singer, prophetess or queen,
Was never seen.

The golden gates were opened wide,
The city seemed a lake of light,
For chrysopras and chrysolite
Were a rought for walls on every side
Without the town was meet for war,
But inwardly each bolt and bar
Shone like a star

Then while I wondered, all the sky
Above the city broke in light,
And opened to my startled sight
The heavens immeasurably high
A glorious effluence of air,
And shining ether pure and rare
Divinely fair

And rising up amid the spaces,
I saw the faintly maiden go

In splendour like new fallen snow,
That robs the sun rise of its fires,
So pure, so beautiful she was,
And rose like vapoury clouds that pass,
From dewy grass

Between her hands, the pyx of gold
She held up like an offering sent
To Him, who holds the firmament
And made the starry world of old,
It glimmered like the golden star
That shines on Christmas eve afar,
Where shepherds are

And clouds of angels, choir on choir,
Bowed out of heaven to welcome her,
And poured upon her mirth and myrrh,
And bathed her forehead in white fire,
And waved in air their gracious wings,
And smote their lulling viol strings
In choral rings

THE APOTHEOSIS OF ST DOROTHY

But she, like one who swoons and sees,
A vision just before he dies,
With quivering lips and lustrous eyes
Gazed up the shining distances,
But soon the angels led her on
Where fiercer cloudy splendour shone,
And she was gone

And then a voice cried — "This is she
Who through great tribulation trod
A thorny pathway up to God,
The blessed virgin Dorothy
Still to the blessed Three in One
Be glory honour, worship done
Beneath the sun !

LYING IN THE GRASS

To T H

Between two golden tufts of summer grass,
I see the world through hot air as through glass,
And by my face sweet lights and colours pass.

Before me, dark against the fading sky,
I watch three mowers mowing, as I lie
With brawny arms they sweep in harmony

Brown English faces by the sun burnt red,
Rich glowing colour on bare throat and head,
My heart would leap to watch them, were I dead!

And in my strong young living as I lie,
I seem to move with them in harmony,—
A fourth is mowing, and the fourth am I

The creak of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep,

The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The drowsy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the multitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood
That gushes through my veins a languid flood
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud

Behind the tower, on the amber rise,
A dark green beech wood rises, still and wise,
A white path winding up it like a stair

And see that girl with pitcher on her head,
And clean white apron on her gown of red,—
Her silent song of love is but half said

She waits the youngest mower. Now he goes,
Her cheeks are redder than a wild blush rose,
They climb up where the deepest shadows are

But though they pass and vanish, I am there ,
I watch his rough hands meet beneath her hair,
Their broken speech sounds sweet to me like prayer

Ah ! now the rosy children come to play,
And romp and struggle with the new mown hay ,
Their clear high voices sound from far away

They know so little why the world is sad,
They dig themselves warm graves and yet are glad ,
Their muffled screams and laughter make me mad !

I long to go and play among them there ,
Unseen, like wind, to take them by the hair,
And gently make their rosy cheeks more fair

The happy children I full of frank surprise,
And sudden whims and innocent ecstasies,
What godhead sparkles from their liquid eyes !

No wonder round those urns of mingled clays,
That Tuscan potters fashioned in old days,
And coloured like the torrid earth ablaze,

We find the lush gods and loves portrayed,
Through ancient forests & undering unshorned,
And fluting by uns of pleasure unshorned

They know as I do not, what I can delight
A strong man feels to watch the tender fight
Of little children playing in his sight

I do not hunger for a well stooped man
I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind

My life is like the single dewy star
That trembles on the horizon's prime & bar,—
A microcosm where all things living are.

And if, among the nosegay & grasses, Death
Should come behind and take a very man by the hand,
I should not be as one who sorroweth,

For I should give, but all the world would be
Full of desire and young delight and plea,
And why should men be sad through loss of me?

The light is flying in the silver blue

The young moon shines from her bright window through

The moons are all gone and I go too

FORTUNATE LOVE

IN SONNETS AND RONDELS

I

FIRST SIGHT

WHEN first we met the nether world was white
And on the steel blue ice before her bower
I skated in the sunrise for an hour,
Till all the grey horizon, gulched in light
Was red against the bare boughs black at night,
Then suddenly her sweet face like a flower,
Enclosed in saffies from the frost's dim power,
Shone at her casement, and flushed burning bright
When first we met '
My skating being done I loitered home,
And sought that day to lose her face again

But Love was weaving in his golden loom
My story up with hers and all in vain
I strove to loose the threads I'd spun again
When first we met.

II

ELATION

LIKE to some dreaming and unworldly child
Who sits at sunset in the midst of hope
When all the windows of the west lie open,
Flooding the air with splendour undefiled,
And sees, by fancy in a trance beguiled,
An angel mount the perilous burning slope,
Winning the opal and the sapphire cope
And laughs for very joy and yearning wild,—
So I, in whose awakening spirit Love
Rules unvisited not to be controlled,
Am happiest when I struggle not, but hold
My windows open and my heart above,
Watching with soul not bowed nor over bold,
The stately air with which his footsteps move

III

IN CHURCH TIME

I took my flute among the pines,
 That lined the hill along the brown church wall,
 For she was there, all shades began to fall,
 I piped my songs out like a bird at ease,
 When suddenly the distant lutes
 Ceased, and she came, and passed beyond recall,
 And left me throbbing, heart and lips and all
 As I wandered down the rusted cypress trees,
 Ah! sweet, the motion of her tremulous hands
 Drove all my flimsy fence, I left me faint
 O'er her my heart so helplessly was,
 Till she came back to the hymn of the choir,
 And I, my flute, I knew the end of my
 At last, my heart, my life, my love, my fate

IV

DEJECTION AND DELAY

CANST thou not wait for Love one flying hour,
 O heart of little faith? are fields not green
 Because their rolling bounty is not seen?
 Will beauty not return with the new flower?
 Because the tired sun seeks the deep sea bower
 Where sleep and Tethys tenderly convene,
 While purple night unfurls her starry screen
 Shall sunlight no more thrill the world with power?
 True Love is patient ever, by the brooks
 He hath his winter-dreams, & fluent choir
 And waits for summer to revive again,
 He knows that by and by the woodland nooks
 Will overflow with blossoming green fire,
 And swooping swallows herald the warm run

V

EXPECTATION

When flower time comes and all the woods are gay,
 When linnets chirrup and the soft winds blow,
 Adown the winding river I will row,
 And watch the merry maidens tossing hay,
 And troops of children shouting in their play,
 And with my thin arms float the fallen snow
 Of heavy hawthorn blossom as I go,
 And shall I see my love at full of day
 When flower time comes?
 Ah, see I feel the border of the stream
 Shimmer red as roses to a trim alone,
 And I may feel another's hand drawn
 Of my own hand to me,—may, even seem
 To be my life the very proof of love,
 When flower time comes?

VI

IN THE GRASS

Oh ! flame of grass, shot upward from the earth,

Keen with a thousand quivering sunlit fires,

Green with the sap of unsated desires

And sweet fulfilment of your sad pale birth,

Behold ! I clasp you as a lover might,

Roll on you, basking in the noon day sun,

And, if it might be, I would fain be one

With all your colour, & s'ery ray of light,

Oh flame of grass !

For here, to chase my unimely gloom,

My lady took my hand and spoke my name

The sun was on her gold hair like a flame

The bright wind smote her forehead like perfume,

The daisies darkened at her feet, she came,

As spring comes scattering incense on your bloom

Oh flame of grass !

VII

RESERVATION

HILL terrace looking down upon the lake
 Has corners where the deepest shadows are
 And there we sit to watch the evening star,
 And try what melody our lutes can make,
 Our rapt hearts with longing almost break,
 The while her gleaming eyes strain out afar,
 As though her soul would seek the utmost bar
 Where falcons' sunlit quivers, flake by flake,
 Fly forth a fire against the lustrate,
 Where'er a sun is hot and cold, my eyes and eyes
 Are fixed each on the moon and all the
 The light of the stars of Love—and unafraid
 The moon and stars of Love and all the
 The light of the stars of Love and all the

VIII

BY THE WELL

Hot hands that yearn to touch her flower like face
With fingers spread, I see you hie a weir
To stem this ice cold stream in its career —
And chill your pulses there a little space,
Brown hands, what right have you to claim the grace
To touch her head so infinitely dear?
Learn courteously to wait and to revere
Lest haply ye be found in sorry case
Hot hands that yearn !
But if ye bring her flowers at my behest
And hold her crystal water from the well
And bend a bough for shade when she will rest,
And if she find you fun and teachable
That flower like face perchance ah who can tell?
In your embrace my some sweet day be pressed
Hot hands that yearn !

PL

MAY DAY

THE PL is like a funeral gone by,

The PL are comes like an old welcome guest,

And come again glad to hold them to find her
And come urge forward with a swift design

It is a petulant thing very broad forth and d',

And is a good thing as a whole and a whole and a whole,

Then, a long with a long, for the PL are a long

And is a long with a long, for the PL are a long

And is a long with a long, for the PL are a long

And is a long with a long, for the PL are a long

And is a long with a long, for the PL are a long

And is a long with a long, for the PL are a long

And is a long with a long, for the PL are a long

And is a long with a long, for the PL are a long

L

MISTRUST

THE peacock screamed and strutted on the court
The fountain flashed its crystal to the sun,
The noisy life of noon was just begun,
And happy men forgot that life was short
We two stood, laughing at the turret pane
When some Apollo of the ranks of Mars,
Crimson with plumes and glittering like the stars
Climped across below, and there drew nigh
To see so confident a pair of arms
My hand ran suddenly, from sun to shade,
But she, who knows the least of Love's alarms
Laid one soft hand upon my throbbing wrist,
And in her eyes I read the choice she made,
And anger slumbered like a tired child kissed

VI

EAVESDROPPING

WHILE My was merry in the leafy trees,
 I found my fair one sitting all alone,
 Where round our wall the long light ferns had grown
 So high so deep, that she was drowned in these,
 And her bright face and yellow buoyant hair
 Scarce peered above them, where she sat and read
 Flashed by the leafy glits & varying overhead,
 A great deal of better book of verses rare
 Written our Chamber, year and years ago
 Would the little of Cypriote entrance,
 And Tristram's warning with a broken heart
 At the side of the door that the rhythmic was
 And her sweet eyes discerned the blue
 And her sweet & still & true, for her part

XII

A GARDEN PIECE

AMONG the flowers of summer time she stood
And underneath the films and blossoms shone
Her face, like some pomegranate strongly grown
To ripe magnificence in solitude,
The wafted winds, deft whisperers had strewed
Her shoulders with her shining hair outblown
And dyed her breast with many a changing tone
Of silvery green, and all the hues that brood
Among the flowers,
She raised her arm up for her dove to know
That he might preen him on her lovely head
Then I, unseen, and rising on tip toe,
Bowed over the rose barrier, and lo !
Touched not her arm, but kissed her lip instead,
Among the flowers !

POPE AT LOVE

XIII

CONFIDENT LOVE

XIV

LOVER'S QUARREL

BESIDE the stream and in the alder shade,
Love sat with us one dreamy afternoon,
When nightingales and roes made up June,
And saw the red light and the amber fade
Under the canopy the willows made,
And watched the rising of the hollow moon
And listened to the water's gentle tune,
And was as silent as she was, sweet maid.
Beside the stream,
Till with "Farewell!" he vanished from our sight
And in the moonlight down the glade afar
His light wings glimmered like a falling star
Then ah! she took the left path, I the right,
And now no more we sit by noon or night
Beside the stream!

XV

RECONCILIATION

BUT wandering on the moors at dawn of day,
 When all the sky was flushed with rosy hue,
 I saw her white robe dabbled in the dew,
 Among the sparkling heather where she lay,
 Bobbing, she turned from me, and murmured ' No !'
 Then rising from the ground she strove anew
 To turn away, but could not stir, and flew
 ' Let me in my arms the old sweet way ,
 And Love, that watched us ever from afar,
 Came fluttering to our side, and cried ' O ,
 Who think to fly, ye cannot fly from me
 For I am with you always where you are '"
 Yet her forth are we two and I am not three,
 Though Love is on our foreheads like a veil

XVI

THE FEAR OF DEATH

BENEATH her window, in the cool, calm night
I stood and made as though I would have sung,
Being full of life and confident and young,
And dreaming only of my love's delight,
Then suddenly I saw the gloom descend,
And gliding from the darkest cypress tree
Death came, white boned, and snatcht my lute from
me,
And sat himself, grinning, by my side
Just then, as when the golden moon looks down
On starless waters from a stony sky,
My love's fair face shone out above on high
Whereat I, fearing nothing of Death's frown,
Turned smiling to salute her lovely head,
And when I turned again, lo ! Death had fled !

XVII

EXPERIENCE

DEEP in the woods we walked at break of day,
And just beyond a whispering avenue,
Where all the flowers were nodding full of dew,
We heard a sound of speaking far away,
And turning saw a pale calm queen assay
To tell that Love was cruel and untrue,
To know of girls in white robes and in blue,
Who round her feet, while listening lounged and lay,
Deep in the woods
But we two crushed the moss with silent feet,
And passed aside unseen for what to us,
Who knew Love's breath, and fanned its passionate heat
And laughed to hear our hearts' twin pulses beat,
Were tuneless songs of maidens murmuring thus
Deep in the Woods?

XVIII

THE EXCHANGE

LAST night, while I was sitting by her side,
And listening to her bodice silken stir,
And stroking her soft sleeves of yellow fur,
I gave the sweet who is to be my bride
A little silver vianagrette, star eyed,
And chased with cupids and received from her
The gold' embossed pomander box of myrrit
She pounced her white hands with at eventide
My sleep till dawn was all consumed with thirst,
And passionate longing, then the great sun's light
Burst through my fumsy dreams, and nothing tells
Of all the joy that gladdened me last night,
Except this little golden box that smells
As her sweet hands did when I kissed them first

XIX

UNDER THE APPLE TREE

AGAINST her breast I set my head and lay
Beneath the summer fringe of a tree
Whose boughs last spring had borne for her and me
The fleeting blossom of a doubtful day
That rose and white had tasted swift decay
And now the swelling fruits of certainty
Hung there like pale green lamps and far to see
And I was strong to dream the hours away
Against her breast
Her salus rus led underneath my head
Stirred by the motions of her perfect heart
But she was silent till at last she said —
While all her countenance flushed rosy red —
Dear love oh ! stay forever where thou art
Against my breast !



EPITHALAMIUM

Hark in the organ loft, with lilied harp,
I ope plied the pearls with his snowy foot,
Pouring forth music like the scent of fruit,
And stirring all the incense laden air,
We knelt before the altar's gold rail, where
The priest stood robed, with chalice and palm shoot,
With music men, who bore cithre and lute,
Behind us, and the attendant virgins four,
And so our red aureole flashed to gold,
Our dawn to sudden sun, and all the while
The high voiced children trebled clear and cold,
The censer boys went singing down the aisle
And far above, with fingers strong and sure
I ope closed our lives' triumphant overture

THE MENAD'S GRAVE

THE girl who once, on Lydian heights,
 Around the sacred groves of pines
Would dance through whole tempestuous nights
 When no moon shines,
Whose pipe of lotus featly blown
Gave airs as thrilling as Cotys' own,

Who, crowned with buds of ivy dark,
 Three times drained deep with amorous lips
The wine-fed bowl of willow bark,
 With silver tips,
Nor sank, nor ceased but shouted still
Like some wild wind from hill to hill,

She lies at last where poplars wave
 Their sad gray foliage all day long.

The river murmur, near her grave

A soothing song ,

Farewell, it saith ! Her days have done

With shouting at the set of sun

A YEAR

WHEN the hot wasp hung in the grape last year,
And tendrils withered and leaves grew sear,
There was little to hope and nothing to fear
 And the smouldering autumn sank apace,
And my heart was hollow and cold and drear

When the las' gray moth that November bugs
Had folded its sallow and sombre wings,
Like the tuneless voice of a child that sings,
 A music arose in that desolate place,
A broken music of hopeless things

But time went by with the month of snows
And the pulse and tide of that music rose ,
As a pain that fades is a pleasure that grows,
 So hope sprang up with a heart of grace,
And love as a crocus bud that blows

And now I know when next autumn has dried
The sweet hot juice to the grape skin's side,
And the new wasps dart where the old ones died,
My heart will have rest in one luminous face,
And its longing and yearning be satisfied

THE ALMOND TREE

PURE soul, who in God's high walled Paradise
Dost walk in all the whiteness of new birth,
And hearst the angels' shrill antiphones,
Which are to heaven what time is to the earth,
Give ear to one to whom in days of old
Thou gavest tears for sorrow, smiles for mirth,
And all the passion one poor heart could hold !

Behold, O Love ! to day how hushed and still
My heart is, and my lips and hands are calm ,
When last I strove to win you to my will,
The angels drowned my pleading in a psalm ,
But now , sweet heart, there is no fear of this,
For I am quiet , therefore let the balm
Of thy light breath be on me in a kiss !

Alas ! I dream again ! All this is o'er !

See, I look down into our garden close,
From your old casement sill where once you wore

The ivy for a garland on your brows ,

There is no unmaranth, no pomegranate here,

But can your heart forget the Christmas rose,

The crocuses and snow drops once so dear ?

But these, like our old love are all gone by,

And now the violets round the apple tree's

Glimmer and jonquils in the deep grass lie,

And fruit trees thicken into pale green shoots ,

Thy garth, that put on mourning for thy death,

Is comforted, and to the sound of lutes

Dances with spring, a minstrel of bright breath

But I am not yet comforted O Love !

Does not the aureole blind thy gentle eyes ?

That crimson robe of thine the virgins wore

Transmits thy footsteps with its dripings,

Else thou would'st see, would st come to me, if even

The Cherubim withstood with trumpet cries,
And barred with steel the jewelled gates of heaven !

In vain, in vain ! Lo ! on this first spring morn,
For all my words, my heart is nearer rest,
And though my life, through loss of thee is worn
To saddest memory by a brief dream blest,
I would not mar one moment of thy bliss
To clasp again thy bright and heaving breast,
Or fade into the fragrance of thy kiss

Yet would an hour on earth with me be paid ?
A greater boon than this of old was won
By her, who through the fair Sicilian plain
Sought her lost daughter, the delicious one,
With tears and rending of the flowery hair,
And sang so softly underneath the sun,
That Heli was well nigh vanquished by her prayer

Hail, golden ray of God's most blessed light !
Hail, sunbeam, breaking from the faint March sky !

What rosy vision melts upon my sight?

What glory opens where the flashes die?

Surely she comes to me on earth, and stands
Among the flowerless lingering trees that sigh
Around her, and she stretches forth her hands

Her hands she stretches forth, but speak eth not,

And all the bloom and effluence round her rise
That crown her heavenly saintship with no spot,
Herself the fairest flower in Paradise,

Draw near and speak to me, O Love, in grace,
And let me drink the beauty of thine eyes
And learn of God by gazing in thy face.

Tempt not my passion with such lingering feet,

My trembling throat and struned white lips are numb,
Through black twisted boughs I see thy body, sweet !
Robed in rose white, thou standest calm and dumb !
Oh heart of my dream, no more delay,

Yet nearer in thy cloudy glory come,

Yet nearer, or in glory fade away !

Fade then, sweet vision I fail Oh perfect dream !

There is no need of words of human speech

And the blind ecstasy of thought I deem

A loftier joy than mortal sense can reach,

No more, ye flowers of Spring, shall my dull song

Be heavy in your ears, but, each to each,

My love and I hold converse and be strong

The mystic splendour pines away, and leaves

Its fainter shadow in the almond tree,

Whose cloud of bloom white blossom earliest clears

The waste wan void of earth & sterility

Before the troop of lyric Dryades,

Veiled, blushing as a bride it comes, and see

Spring leaps to kiss it, glowing in the breeze

While life shall bring with each revolving year

Its winter woes and its mystery

This fair remembrance of the sun shall bring
My thoughts of Love re-newed in memory ,
Old hopes shall blossom with the west wind's breath,
And for Her sake the almond bloom shall be
The white fringe on the velvet pall of death

ON DARTMOOR

TO J. A. B.

I

WARM tissue of refulgent vapour fills

The valley southward to the hurrying stream,

Whose gathered and sun-wasted waters gleam

Meandering downy rids through the terraced hills ;

Here, even here, the hand of man fulfils

Its daily toil, for though alone I seem

I hear the clangour of a far off team,

And men that shout above the shouting rills ;

Nor juts this noise of labour on mine ear,

Nor seem, because of these, the spirits less near

That animate the mountains and the skies ,

The self-same heart of nature smooth clear

Through filmy garments of a golden sphere

And earnest looks of humble human eyes

II

A soft gray line of haze subdues the west
That was so rosy half an hour ago ,
The moaning night breeze just begins to blow,
And now the team that ploughed the mountain's breast
Cease their long toil, and dream of home and rest ,
Now grant like, the tall young ploughmen go
Between me and the sunset, footing slow ,
My spirit, as an uninvited guest,
Goes with them, wondering what desire, what aim,
May stir their hearts and mine with common flame
Or, thoughtless, do their hands suffice their soul ?
I know not, care not, for I deem no shame
To hold men, flowers, and trees and stars the same,
Myself, as these, one atom in the whole

THE TOMB OF SOPHOCLES

A BOUNDING satyr golden in the beard,
That leaps with goat feet high into the air,
And crushes from the thyme an odour rare,
Keeps watch around the marble tomb revered
Of Sophocles, the poet loved and feared,
Whose mighty voice once called out of her lair
The Dorian male severe, with braided hair,
Who loved the thyrus and wild dances we red
Here all day long the pious bees can pour
Libations of their honey, round this tomb
The Dionysiac cry loves to roam
The satyr laughs, but He awakes no more,
Wrapped up in silence at the grave's cold core
Nor sees the sun wheel round in the white dome.

FEBRUARY IN ROME

WHEN Roman fields are red with cyclamen,
And in the palace gardens you may find,
Under great leaves and sheltering briony bind,
Clusters of cream white violets, O then
The ruined city of immortal men
Must smile, a little to her fate resigned,
And through her corridors the slow warm wind
Gush harmonies beyond a mortal lea
Such soft Tivolian airs upon a flute,
Such shadowy centers burning live perfume,
Shall lead the mystic city to her tomb,
Nor flowerless springs nor vatnans without fruit,
Nor summer mornings when the winds are mute,
Trouble her soul till Rome be no more Rome.

GREECE AND ENGLAND

Would this sunshine be completer,
Or these violets smell sweeter,
Or the birds sing more in metre,
If it all were years ago,
When the melted mountain snow
Heard in Enna all the woe
Of the poor forlorn Demeter?

Would a stronger life pulse o'er us
If a panther chariot bore us,
If we saw, enthroned before us,
Ride the leopard footed god,
With a fir-cone tip the rod
Whirl the thyrsus round, and nod
To a drunken Menad chorus?

Bleared there richer, redder roses
Where the Lesbian earth encloses
All of Sappho? where reposes
 Meleager, fad to sleep
By the olive girdled deep?
Where the Syrac maidens weep,
 Bringing serpolet in posies?

Ah! it may be! Greece had leisure
For a world of fabled pleasure,
We must tread a truer measure,
 To a wilfer, hornel or lyn.,
We must harl a prifer ste,
 Lay less perfume on the pyre,
Be content with poorer treasure!

Were the brown limbed lovers bolder?
Venus younger, Cupid older?
Down the wood nymph's warm white shoulder
 Traced a purpler, madder vine?
Were the poets more devout?

Brev we no such golden wine
Here, & here summer suns are colder?

Yet for us too life has flowers,
Time a glass of joyous hours
Interchange of sun and showers
And a wealth of leafy glades,
Meant for loving men and maids,
Full of warm green lights and shades,
Tidil work of wild wood bowers

So while English suns are keeping
Count of coming time and reaping,
We've no need to waste our weeping,
Though the glad Greeks lounged at ease
Underneath their olive trees,
And the Sophoclean bees
Swarmed on lips of poets sleeping.

THE BURDEN OF DELIGHT

Remember how the winter through,

While all the ways were choked with snow,
Half maddened with the rain, we two

Have nestled closer round the fire,
And talked of all that should be done
When April brought us back the sea,

What garden, white with buttercups,

What soft green nooks of budded heather,*
What moorlands open to the sky

We two would scour together †

And now the month comes round again ‡

Cool interchange of genial hours,

Soft gleams of sunlight, streams of rain,

Have starred the meadow-lands with flowers,
And in the orchard on the hills

The grass is gold with daffodils,
 And 'e ha'e vandered hand in hand,
 Whet sea below and sky above
 Seem narrowing to a strip of land
 The pathway that we love

Our path looks out on the wide sea,
 And knows not of the land, we sit
 For hours in silent reverie,
 To watch the sea and pulse with it,
 Its deep monotone a refrain
 Brings melancholy, almost pain,
 ' We scarcely wish to speak or move,
 But just to feel each other there,
 And sense of presence is like love,
 And silence more than prayer

Sharp round the steep hill's utmost line
 It winds, and, just below, the grass
 Sinks with tumultuous incline
 To where the rock pools shine like glass,

The tufts of thurst can drink their fill
Of sea wind on this rugged hill,
And all the herbage, tossed and blown,
Is stamped with salt and crushed with wind,
Save where, behind some boulder stone,
A harbour flowers may find

The bright sea sparkles, sunbeam lashed,
And o'er its face such breezes float
As lightly turn to amethyst

The pearl gray of a ring dove's throat,
Thus stirred and ruffled, shews anew
The radiant play of changing hue,
So gentle that the eye dares

No reason why the foam should fall
So loudly, in such scented huts,
Against the dark rock wall

The wind is love now, even here
Where all the breezes congregate,
The softest warbler need not fear

To hang, or not to hang
 And that which we have loved to be
 So much we should not wish to
 Be changed or to be free

Or should we not be free
 To be the same or be
 The same to be

Are we so happy? Should we
 So colourless, so terrible
 For every part of every one,
 For every part of every one
 Through every part of every one
 The hope of life is not the best
 We have the most the best, the best
 O nature, come and let us see
 The value of the best heart from death
 To see our desire

Can you be so or speak
 We have called her to be free

P perchance my pulsus are too weak

To stir with all this sweet excess ,
Perhaps the sudden spring has come
Too soon, and lovel' my spir't dumb ,
Howe'er it be, my heart is cold,

No echo stirs within my brain,
To me, too suddenly grown a old,
This beauty speaks in vain

Why are you silent? Lo! to-day

It is not as it once hath been ,
I can not met the old sweet way ,
Absorbed contented and serene ,
I cannot feel my heart rejoice,
I crave the comfort of your voice ,
Speak ! speak, remind me of the past,
Let my spent embers at your fire
Perceive red lurid, till at last
Delight surpasses desire

Still are you silent, only press

My hand, and turn your face away?

Another day its face will be

No less refulgent, no less fair,

And we by custom be made strong

To bear what we desired so long,

To day the shiel'ning nerves demand

A milder light, a softer air,

Some corner of forgotten land

Still winter like and bare

Come, leave our foot path for to-day,

And, turning inland, seek the woods

Where last year's sombre leaves decay

In brown sonorous solitude,

The marmurous voice of those dark trees

Shall teach us more than sun or seas,

And in that twilight we may find

Some golden flower of strange perfume,

A blossom hidden from the wind,

A flame within the tomb

THE VANDRAKES

A Story in Greek

Protes And what must this fire be sent
Olyss To everlastin banishment
The woods are new trees bent and bowed
By the winds here and there in cold
Hail cleft with thunder To this grove
We banish them

Calypso *Save* mercy Jove
Olyss You should have cried so in your youth
When Cleo on his daughter Truth
Sajured her, you when you spelt
Who's great in mortal merit.

Deo Parliament of Bees 16

Whether in meditation or in dream,
Or whether in the circle of known lands
I walked I cannot tell the crested stream
Of the great waters breaking on the sands
The far brown moors, the gulls in white-winged bands

Seem too clear coloured on my memory
To be the ghosts of my phantas,

Along the sweep of an untrodden bay,
Towards a great headland that before me rose,
Full merrily I held my sunny way
And in that atmosphere of gold, and snows,
And pure blue fire of air and sea, the woes
Of mortals and their painful despair
Seemed vague to my glad spirit void of care

The long bluff rose against the sea, and thrust
Its storm proof bosom far into the deep,
And many a breaker, many a roaring gust
Disturbed the calm of its primeval sleep,
Through the gray winter twilight, there did creep
In swarthy trefol, or salt blighted grass,
A tell tale here the uncurb'd sea wind did pass

So even in the bright and pure June air
The place seemed vested in unholly guise

The loneliness was like a pain to bear,

I sought about with stringently troubled eyes,

For bird or flower to glad me in some wise,

In vain, then at the utmost verge I stayed

Where far beneath the resurgent thunders swayed

Then as I stood upon the precipice,

Drinking the sunlight and sharp air like wine

I heard, or thought I heard, a murmur twice --

First, like a far off shrieking, clear and fine,

Then like an anxious shouting for a sign

To careless boatman steering o'er the rim

Of rocks -- but both behind me and both dim

But even while, not turning, in my mind

I thought how very lonely the place was, --

The rushing of the sterdiest wings of wind

Being empty of all common sounds that pass

The song of birds, or sighing in the grass, --

Then suddenly, a howl to rend the skies

From the far land behind me seemed to rise

And while my skin was wrinkled with affright,
I noticed far and far away, an isle,
With faintest waves of jagged pale blue light
Shut at the horizon land not seen ere while,—
This in a flash of thought, such sights beguile
Our hearts in wildest moments, and we know
Not clearly after how it could be so

But in a second, ere the long shriek died,
I turned to see whence came this note of woe,
And marked on the downs topmost hollow side
One lonely scrawling gnarled tree that did grow,
Coiling its leafless branches stunted and low,
Midmost the promontory, thither I
Drawn by some hate spell felt my way, did he

It was a shameful tree, the twisted pun
Of its sad boughs and sterile hollow stem
Took fearful forms of things that are man's bane,
And curling drops of oozy ooze did begem
Its twigs with a dull poisonous anacardium,

It had no bright young leaves to tell of Spring
Nor clustering moss that hallowed old doth bring

And at its foot were forms that had no shape,
Unmoving creatures twisted like the tree,
With horrid wooden faces set agape

And bodies banded in the earth, to see
Such human features moulded terribly
Sent all the life blood surging to my heart,
And mine own breath was ready to depart,

When one most awful visage bent the roots
That were its jaws, and moaning slowly spake,
“O mortal, what assemblage of soft limbs
Rings now across the silvery waves that break
Along the city, where the shadows make
In tremulous calm lines of sunset fire
A magic image of each dome and spire?”

He questioned thus in strained voluptuous tones,
His hideous feet deep in the ground were set,

His body fashioned without skin or bones
Was like the mystic figure of smooth jet
Egyptian priests wore in an amulet,
What time they mourned Osiris, like a shriek
His pained voice ended sharply, forced and weak

Then when I answered nothing, once again
He spoke — "In wait of doom of the blest,
Lapped in sweet urns, forgetful of all pain,
Fulfilling an eternity of rest,
Lo ! Titian, of all painters loved the best ?
Oh ! say, in my hand when you have been,
Heard you of him and not of Arcine ?"

" O wretchless painter of the noble heart !
Dear friend I loved long centuries ago !
Lean from that golden chamber where thou art,
Above the sun and moon, and lighten so
The utter, endless agony of woe
That fills my wretched being, doomed for aye
Rooted in this foul living grave to stay

Ah mortal listen ! I was once a child
In whose brain God poured the mystic virgins
Full of pure odour fragrance undefiled —
Hea drink to make a poet all divine
I took the gift men called me Aretas
All that was pure and poet like I spurned,
And to hell fire for inspiration turned

God suffered long with me and let the fire
Of passionate youth burn to the ash of age
Saying to the angels " Surely when desire
Is dead within him his true heritage
Will seem more precious to him and the page
Of the great book shall in the end record
Some prayer, some love, some tender spoken word

Yet I still unpoet burned before my God
The rancid oil of hypocritical prayer,
Worn with unsanctified man's footsteps trod
Thou shadowy precincts where the martyrs are
Is hallowed with the sound of hymns and rare

High spirit breathings fill the solemn place
Where God meets man, in silence, face to face '—

I stood beneath the tree now, 'all the ground
Was full of these grim shadows of man's end,
And all in some way shamefully were bound
Into the earth, but no two could I find
In which the same quaint stripes were intermingled
But each was human, yet each had the feature
Of some misshapen thing or hideous creature.

Oh how the crym wound us, and the light
Of pure cerulean ether, full of sun,
Made awful contrast with the shameful blight
Of these foul natures ! Him I looked upon
Was like an old man utterly undone,
With white thin locks, that blew about his eyes
Like grasses round a stump when summer dies

Fear held my tongue, I trembled like the leaves
That quiver when the gradual autumn falls

On shadowy Vallombrosa and breaves
 The forest, fall of flowery funerals, —
 And all the windy places have their pulls
 Of yellow leafage, till the noiseless snow
 Muffles the rustling of this gusty woe

At last I murmured, " Cannot rest or death
 Forever visit this pale place of trunks ?
 And ceased, for, like the sound of a sharp breath
 That from the drawn throat of one dying comes,
 Whose heart the Master of all breath benumbs,
 An answering voice arose, whose calm intense,
 Sad music won my ear with sharp suspense

" Not vervain, gathered when the dog star rose,
 Not agrimony, euphrasy, or rue
 Not any herb can bring our pain repose,
 Nor any poison make our summer, few,
 For ever our own agonies renew
 Our wasted bodies still to suffer pain,
 To suffer pine, renew, and pine again

' Ah turn away ! behold me not ! those eyes
Burn me like lightning with a searing shame
Gaze not upon these ghastly infamies,
That must deform me worse than maimed or lame,
The ribald children scoff at for their game ,
Ah ! in what jocund wise I danced and sung
Through the warm Tuscan nights, when life was young

' These gray and shrunken fingers once were lithe,
And meet for all most dainty handi-ork ,
Whether a painted coffer for a blithe
Fair bride, or for the Caliph or Grand Turc
A golden chalice, where red wine might lurk
Cool'd unforbidden , or for monks when eyes,—
Worked in distemper,—hell and paradise

Ay me ! what lovely fancies I have wrought
In cloisters, or along a church's wall
Where in a high fenced garden angels taught
Our Lad, at her baby's feet to fall
There, with his boys, went Peter , there stood Paul

With long brown beard, and leant upon his sword;
 And all the virgin, singing, praised the Lord.

"But, best of all, I loved to stand and pain'

His face who doubled when the Lord arose,—
 Andrew, my ever blessed patron saint

Bearing his might'y cross, and worn with rashes,
 And pining sore from self-inflicted blows,—
 His passionate, jealous, loving, hating heart
 Seemed every man my very counterpart.

"He is in glory now, and walks and sings

With saints who take his rough brown hand in their
 And see the angels' silver-spotted wings!

But I continue the mortally with my prayer,
 And in the night arise blast the cyars
 With my shrill psalm, bear'ea for v'nat o'f'f'ice
 My soul was doomed 'o' anguish so intense!

"If one man's art can be another's harm,—

If half the "truthful" man is thus the goal,—

If thinkers weave out holy thoughts in vain,
Which bless the world and ruin their own soul,—
If bitterness and languor be our dole,—
Why do we seek, so greedily, at all
Laurel to poison our own brows withal?

All this is only vanity, but, lo!
For weary years I slowly fought my way
High up the hill of fame and should I go
Right sully down again at fall of day,
Because this Domenic, this popinjay,
Could tick a wall out with a newer brush,
And after him all men began to rush?

“When I grew poor, and no man came to me,
One night I lay awake, and by my bed
Heard a low, subtle voice, and seemed to see
A little demon, with a fiery head,
That whispered, ‘If now Domenic were dead,
And his new way dead with him, ha! ha! ha!
Luck would come back again to Andrea!’

"So one bright night when singing he went by
I watched him, round his neck a chain of gold
Glittered and lured me like a serpent's eye,

It was the price of some new picture sold

"My nerves grew steel, my veins of fire throbbed cold,
My dagger smote him through the neck, charm bound,
And like a snake, the chain slid to the ground

"Ay, me! ay, me! what cruel, cruel, pang

Draws forth this tale of mine own infamy,
Ah youth! by all the angel choirs that sang,

Round holy Christ at his nativity,

I pray thee mock me not, in charity,

Who for one hour of passion and fell spite

Must suffer endless torture infinite!

Then at my side a voice cried, "Look on me!"

Stamp on me, crush me, grind me with your heel!

I, even I, this shapeless thing am he

That slandered Sappho! Set on me the seal

Of your undying hatred, let me feel,

Even though I burn with anguish, that men know
Her holy life was ever pure as snow *

Then flattened out, I saw upon the ground
What seemed the hole of some misshapen beast,
With a pinned cord to bind it twisted round,
But lo ! its heart in beating never ceased,
And now the flutter of its breath increased
Painting its body of unhealthy hue
With lurid waves of mingling green and blue

* Of old a stifled voice proclaimed, "I dwell
Deep in the cedar shades of that high hill,
Whose brow looks down on Lesbos, and the belt
Of sunlit sea where rippling laughter fill
The spaces down to Chaos, thither still,
As gold above the Lydian mountains shone,
Sappho would climb to dream and muse alone

"How oft her wild swept hair and laughing eyes
I watched, unseen within my own rose bowers

Her cheek that glowed at her heart's phantasies,
Bright as the reflux flush of fields of flowers
Stirred by the light feet of the flying hours,
When, about sunrise, on a morn of May,
Westward they troop, and herald the young day !

“ So fair was she in my conceit , but soon
Her songs were sung from Lesbian town to town,
And other islands claimed the lyric boon,
And Andros praised, and Paros sent a crown,
And reverend men, in philosophic gown,
From Greece, from sage Ionia, came to lay
At Sappho's feet the homage of a day

“ Then in my heart the love I bore her grew
To foulest envy, like the butter core
That lies in the sweet berry of the yew ,
For I, too, fashioned for the lute, and bore
Such my wreaths as would be poets wore ,
But never ode of mine did men repeat,
Singing for glee along the broad white street

"It happened that through the islands I must go
To gather tribute, and where'er I came
The youths and girls would gather round to know
What news of Sappho, till my heart became
Shrivelled and parched with spite as with a flame,
And evermore I set my subtle tongue
To hunt and whisper nameless tales of wrong

"And soon all lands rung out with that ill fame,
For little souls delight to think the worst
Of sovereign spirits who have won great name
For virtue or for wit, so all men nursed
And spread the rumour of these tales accursed,
Which smouldered, far from Lesbos, till she died,
Then burst in kind flames unsanctified

"So to this limbo my unholy spirit
Was dragged by demons when my pulses sank,
And here forever shall my flesh inherit
More pain than ever human body drank,
See this bruised head, this haggard arm and shank,

The slow contracting pain of centuries
Has drawn the bones into this hideous gulf '—

Then silence came, save far away the sound
Of waves that rang like timbrels in the air,
Dashing and dying on the shore, steel bound,
I stood above those lurid shapes in prayer,
Dearing that, if any hope there were,
Quickly their souls and bodies might decay,
And to the 'overseign waters fade away

For to my thought the moaning, sighing sea
Seemed yearning to receive them to its breast,
And fain would let its huge embraces be
Their haven of forgetfulness and rest —

“O let them die!” I murmured, “It is best!”
Have they not fed on anguish all their years?
And drenched the morsel in the vint of tears?

“Their pains are greater than the Titan's were,
Hung a god man, a sign to man and God,

For his immortal spirit was aware
Of its own immortality, and trod
With hard crest beneath the oppressor's rod,
But these are bitten through with their own shame,
And scorcht with infamy as with a flame

Wherefore, if Heaven forbid not, let them die !
The echo of my accents broke in moans
From all the grim and stark fraternity,
That lay in heaps about my feet like stones,
Down to the caverns of my heart their groans
Sank, as a meteor, breeding death and woe
Slants down the skies on weeping lands below

Then all the silence grew a mighty sound,
Gathering in voice along the nether sea
As when, in some Norwegian gulf profound,
Sailors becalmed along the monstrous lee
Of desolate Torghatten hear the glee
Of many a riotous and rebel wind,
Deep in the mountain's riven heart confined

With murmuring of immortal wings it came,
Blown by no wind, and moaned along the deep,
Then hung at last above that place of shame
On plumes of sound, like some great bird asleep,—
Though o'er the blue no cloud nor stain did creep,—
And slowly gave in words articulate
All the vast utterance of the unseen fate

O thou grave mystic, who, by inner light,
D'st watch the ruddy, throbbing life in flowers,
And shal'st en by no pitiful affright,
Held'at converse with the eternal starry powers
By all the bliss in full ecstatic hours,
From spirit tongues, to thee, a spirit, given
Bow down and aid me from thy lucent heaven !

Blake, loveliest of the sons of shadowy light,
Throned, with dawn mist for purple, sun for gold,—
Regent above us in all true men's sight,
Among thy hundred angel ranks enrolled,—
Thou! not thy latest lover overbold

If in sore need he for a while prolong
Prayer for thy aid in his most arduous song !

For he must murmur what a spirit sang
Lisp the weird words no mortal can pronounce
For all about my head the air now ring
With the dread clarion Voice that did denounce
The writhing things and bade my heart renounce
Pity and grief, and drown in obloquy
All hope for these still dying and to die

No temple, and no tripod and no shrine
Is half so sacred as the soul of man,
Lit with a flame more subtle, more divine,
Than that which round the glimmering altar ran
With mutterings and with thunders, when the clan
Of Baal prophets howled and sank down dead
On the cold parapet their life blood fed

"Man is himself the lamp for hallowed use
The oil that feeds it and the hand that lights-

Each to his brother with open arms embrace,

And in the universal gift arise.

So all combine, with sacrificial rites,

Throughout the gleaming world, from bound to bound

To spread the wealth that old Prometheus found.

' And so should all things slowly climb up higher

In to the perfectness of utter rest,

And no less breath of passion stir the fire

That fell from God and curdled in man's breast.

Priests his own power should man be blest,

The soul being priest, and worshipper, and shrine,

Bearing God's presence for an outward sign.

' But ah! who punishment would not be free

To scourge that rebel priest, that would defile

The list of his own God's mercies great,

Or who, with lambent fingers or smooth vile,

Should from the profane worshippers beguile

The sacred gums of balsam or of myrror

To burn in pyres where flames for us confer?

“ Would the viced God be pitiful and meek,
Nor smite the impious with a thunder bolt,
Clothing the lingering life and hollow cheek
With pain as with a garment ? Let the dolt
Go ah ne and whumper over heath andholt,—
Shall any lovers of the God be found
Whose hearts shall melt with pity at the sound ?

“ Wherefore, if all things sacred, all things pure,
All that makes life worth living for to men,
White chastity and faith, and honour sure
Have in your heart their answering echoes, then
Cease to be wise above a mortal ken,
And judge that we, whose robes are virtues, know
Where justice rules, and mercy may not go ”

As from the heart's core of a trumpet blast
May rise the melody of whispering lutes,
A softer music on my ear was erst,
Even as I lay among those living reeds,
And heard their direful sentence, and the fruits

Of their insane rebellion, sweet and fur,
As orchard singing under a pale star,

That tender fluting rose but, gathering strength,
Thrilled like a hundred instruments in tune,
Here soft citoles, and here in liquid length
The sobbing of tense harp string, and all soon
Rounded with murmurs of the full bassoon,
And all words faded, and I rose, and lo !
A lady standing on the hill of woe.

Adown her shoulders, over the broad breast,
A saffron robe fell lightly to her feet,
Edged quaintly with meander, for the rest,
Her changeful eyes were wonderfully sweet,
Sea-coloured, and her braided hair made meet
Under a fillet of starred myrtle flowers,
More huge and pure than any bloom of oars.

Her face was even as apple blossom is
When first the winds awaken it, her mouth

Seemed like the incarnation of a kiss,
A philtre for all sorrow, in heart drench
A fountain breathing of the fragrant south,
A cage for songs — a violin — he knows?
Perchance the rose tree of the world's great rose!

Kalliope, the eternal Muse she hight,
Whose lips wove music in Mœnades
Through all the alternatives of day and night,
Silence and song that this poor van world sees
She walks unchanged while old divinities
Wither and die, and new crowds spring and fall,
And new flowers hear the new-born cuckoos call

There in her loveliness she stood and spied
Her arms out to me in most smiling wise,
Saying — Oh, my servant, in such dreambed,
Why floats thy spirit in a wind of sighs?
What ruth and pass on gather to thine eyes?
What part hast thou with these? Ah! wayward child
Should I be clement to them? And she smiled

O ! what a smile ? But when she ceased, once more

I cast my eyes upon the twisted feet once

And all the pity that my heart once bore

To watch the writhing of the loathsome creature

Fled from me, for their foul degenerate natures

Scorched under those pure eyes of hers, as hell

Must blaze' on, seen from heaven's white pinnacle

She vanished Then they howled and howled until

The cave o' us, devoid o' other sound,

Was full of moaning echoes round the hill

Then with my hands my aching ears I bound,

And rushing from that cruel cursed ground

From cliff to cliff leap downwards to the sea,

Where faint wave music was as balm to me

EUTHANASIA

WHEN age comes by and lays his frosty hands
So lightly on mine eyes, that, scarce we are
Of what an endless weight of gloom they bear
I pause, unstirred, and wait for his commands,
When time has bound these limbs of mine with bonds,
And hushed mine ears, and silvered all my hair,
May sorrow come not, nor a vain despair
Trouble my soul that meekly girded stands

As silent rivers into silent lakes,
Through hush of reeds that not a murmur breaks,
Wind, mindful of the poppies whence they came,
So may my life, and calmly burn away,
As ceases in a lump at break of day
The fragrant remnant of memorial flame.

THE PRAISE OF DIONYSUS

Chant Rô, 3'

To A D

BEHOLD, above the mountains there is light
A streak of gold a line of gathering fire,
And the dim East hath suddenly grown a bright
With pale aerial flame, that drives up higher
The land mists that of the night aware
Breasted the dark ravines and coverts bare,
Behold, behold ! the granite gates unclose,
And down the vales a lyric people flows,
Dancing to music, in their dance they fling
Their frantic robes to every wind that blows
And deathless praises to the vine-god sing

Nearer they press, and nearer still in sight
Still dancing blithely in a seemly choir,

Tossing on high the symbol of their rite,
The cone tipped thyrsus of a god's desire
Newer they come, tall damsels flushed and fair,
With ivy circling their abundant hair,
Onward, with even pace, in stately rows,
With eye that flashes, and with cheek that glows,
And all the while their tribute songs they bring
And newer glories of the past disclose,
And deathless praises to the vine god sing

The pure liveliness of their limbs is white,
And flashes clearer as they draw the nigher,
Bathed in an air of infinite delight,
Smooth without wound of thorn or prick of mire
Porne up by song as by a trumpet's blast,
Leading the van to conquest, on they fare,
Fearless and bold, whoever comes or goes,
These shining cohorts of Bacchantes close,
Shouting and shouting till the mountains ring,
And forests gull forget their ancient woes,
And deathless praises to the vine god sing

And youths are there, for whom full many a night
Fought dreams of bliss vague dreams that haunt and ure
Who rose in their own ecstasy bedight
And wandered for a through many a scourging hall
And waited shivering in the icy air,
And rapped the leopard skin about them there
Knowing for all the bitter air that froze,
The time must come that every poet knows
When he shall rise and feel himself a king,
And follow, follow where the ivy grows
And deathless praises to the vine god sing

But oh ! within the heart of this great flight,
Whose merry arms hold up the golden lyre ?
What form is this of more than mortal height ?
What matchless beauty what inspired me !
The brinded nuthers know the prize they bear,
And harmonise their steps with stately care,
Bent to the morn'g like a living rose
The immortal splendour of his face he shows,
And where he glances leaf and flower and wing

Tremble with rapture, started in their repose,
And deathless praises to the vine-god sing

HYMN

PRINCE of the flute and ivy, all thy foes
Record the bounty that thy grace bestows
But we, thy servants, to thy glory cling,
And with no fringed lips our songs compose,
And deathless praises to the vine-god sing

THE LOSS OF THE "EURYDICE

March, 24, 1878

Tired with the toils that know no end,
On wint'ry seas long doomed to roam,
They smiled to think that March could lend
Such radiant winds to waft them home,
Long penks overpast,
They stood for port at last,
Close by the fair familiar water way,
And on their sunlit lee
All hearts were glad to see
The crags of Culver through the shining day,
While every white winged bird,
Whose joyous cry they heard,
Seemed wild to shout the welcome that it bore
Of love from friends on shore

Ah ! brief their joy, 's days are brief

In March, 'tst loves not joy nor sun ;

O bode to the heart of grief

The port that never shall be won !

Fast ship, with all sail set,

Dost thou purchasest forget

The changing tides and treacherous winds of Spring ?

And could those heathlands gray

Rebuke no tale to-day

Of wrecks they have seen, and many a grievous thing ?

Thy towering cliff, Doroce,

Full war, a woe ! hows,—

Cry out in warning voice ! too much they dare ,

Death gathers in the air !

A wind blew sharp out of the north,

And o'er the island ridges rose

A sound of trumpet going forth,

And murmur of approaching snows,

Then through the sunlight air

Streamed dark the lifted banner

Of storm-cloud, gathering for the light's eclipse,

And fiercely, rose and fell

The shriek of waves, the bell

Of doom, and the doom of wandering there,

As with an eagle's cry

The mighty storm rushed by,

Trailing its robe of storm across the wave,

And gulfed them like a grave

It passed, it fell, and all was still,

But, homeless wanderer, where wert thou?

The wind war' down behind the hill,

Thou not the less canst print in colours fur
The eve of our despair

Not hard for heroes is the death
That greets them from the cannon's lip,
When heaven is red with flaming breath,
And shakes with roar of sundering ships
When through the thunder cloud
Sounds to them, clear and loud,
The voice of England calling them by name
And as their eyes grow dim
They hear their nation's hymn,
And know the prelude of immortal fame,
But sad indeed is this,
The meed of war to miss,
To die for England, yet in dying know
They leave no name but woe

They cannot rest through coming years
In any ground that England owns
And billows sifter than our tears
Wash over their unhonoured bones,

Yet in our hearts they rest
Not less revered and blest
Than those, their brothers who in fighting fell,
Nor shall our children hear
Their name pronounced less dear,
When England's roll of gallant dead we tell,
For ever shall our ships,
There at the Solent's lips,
Pass out to glory over their still bed
And praise the silent dead

SERENADE

THE lemon petals gently fall

Within the windless Indian night,

The wild harn'd waterfall

Hangs, lingering like a ghostly light ,

Drop down to me, and linger long, my heart's entire
delight

Among the trees, the fiery flies

Move slowly in their robes of flame ,

Above them, through the liquid skies

The stars in squadrons do the same ,

Move through the garden down to me, and softly speak
my name !

By midnight's moving heart that shakes

The coloured air and hushing gloom,

By all the forms that beauty takes

In fruit, in blossom, in perfume,

Come down and still the aching doubts that haunt me and
consume !

Else if the chilly morning break

And thou hast heard my voice in vain,

Unmored as is a lover's lake

That through the branches hears the rain,

Beware lest Love himself pass by to bless thee and—
re'tain !

TO HENRIK IBSEN IN DRESDEN

WITHIN the bowery window nook,

My red azalea flowered to day ,

Its colour fell upon the book

That I was reading where I lay,—

Your own sardonic masque of Love,

Whercin, when last azaleas blew,

I read, and marked the light above

Come faintly tinted through

And as your gracious verse unfolds

Its fluted meanings, leaf by leaf

And knows not half the wealth it holds,

Till, gathered in a rosy sheaf,

The full proportioned flowers of song

Flame, finished, from the perfect tree,

And pour out perfume, pure and strong,

For all the world and me,—

So, now that May is well begun,
 And cuckoos in the woodland shout,
 My perfect flower that loves the sun
 Will spread its faultless petals out,
 Each bloom will tell my brain of you,
 Norse poet with the tropic heart,
 From whose blind root there slowly grew
 Such flowers of perfect art¹

And while I wait for your new song¹
 To waft its fragrance o'er the sea,
 I hold the memories that belong
 To you, to Norway and to me,
 I wander where the wild swan calls,
 And where the dark lake lies and shines,
 And watch sonorous waterfalls
 Rush, whitecapping through the pines

You are the city of sweet names
 Where Laffille and Correggio meet —

¹ *I e, 1882 Gal. 100*

I by the dismal tidel Thames,
In dreary square and sultry street,—
Both, by one magnet drawn, extend
Our thoughts across the northern deep,
Till both our beings mix and blend
Where jarks and Vikings sleep

So flies a bridge across the sea
From you to Norway, clear like glass
A mistier framework, built for me,
Permits my vaguer hopes to pass
One link remains unforged, one brace
The wizard's weird triangle needs,
One ray to join us face to face,
And then our art succeeds

That link between your hand and mine
My English and your Norse denies
Your verses lie like gems that hide
In coffers sealed from English eyes

Behind the veil we dimly know
 A solemn figure stands complete,
 But feel not how the draperies flow,
 How poised the hands and feet

I or the slow hours have drawn aside
 The curtain that concealed the work,
 Diaphanous thin webs still hide,
 And gauzy faint concealments lurk,
 But all the gracious form displayed
 Delights me with its sweeping lines,
 And every day some progress made
 Decreases what confines

But oh! to win my people's eyes
 To stand with me—to gaze, admire,
 To praise the statue's form and size,—
 That is the goal of my desire,
 For since I you dream no of the weight
 Of reverent phylacteries piled,

The sturdy self sufficient hite
Of all the world beside

My England, where the grass is deep,
And burns with buttercups in May,
Whose brookside violets nod in sleep,
Washed purer purple by the spray;
My England of the August corn —
The heavy headed waving gold,—
Sweet blossoming land from bourne to bourne,
Whose name and speech I hold,

Receives my homage, none the less
I deem some precious things may be,
With which the sovereign Muses bless
The world outside our circling sea,
Some unknown gift the gods may leave
To be enshrined in alien lands,
A boon we humbly must receive
From unfamiliar hands

Tremble with change, and shivering so,
With gathered voices shake and shriek,
You tremble not, but brave and strong,
Pour forth as from a trumpet's mouth,
The great anathemas of song
Sent northward from the south

Work then in patience, till you see
The confines of your Holy Land,
That Palestine of poesy,
Where Agnes waits for you, and Brand,
Pull on with strenuous arm and ear,
The sandy bar will soon be past,
And grassy odours from the shore
Proclaim you home at last !

May, 1872

THE SISTERS

A DORIAN IDYLL.

PHILEMON LYSIDICE

LYSIDICE.

DEAREST, the onyx lamp is at thy side,
The vine surrounded casement open wide,
And on the floor's mosaic I have set
Green sprigs of rue and buds of serpolet,
And still the rain upon their leaves is wet
Farewell, farewell, and sing thyself to sleep

LYSIDICE

Ah ! let me close you, burning eyes and blush
Melt to a cloud, and flim yourselves in dew,
Else must I kiss you under either brow !

PHILENION

I ought to soothe myself to slumber now
Were hisses poppies or oblivion love !

LYSIDICE

Yea, soon behind our dear pomegranate grove
The large slow footed moon will glide and set,
And all the world its weariness forget

PHILENION

Bow down once more that little curly head
And lay those soft arms on the cushion bed,
Among the trees, and where the shade is deep,
Who comes to night when all the world is asleep ?

LYSIDICE.

Oh, hush ! he will not see me, will not know
That I can hear his footfall there below

PHILENOY.

And whilst thou listenest for his wandering feet,
May I not also keep my vigil, sweet ?

LYSIDICE.

Thou hast no reason, dear, to lie awake,
I seek to sleep but cannot for love's sake
Ah, who has told thee that he comes at night
I hardly told my heart my heart's delight
He never sees, he never hears me there,
I lie, with fluttering pulse, till unaware
His presence seems to quicken all the air
Is he not god like, dear Philemon ?
Like I was when the triple deity of old
Wrote on my face the splendour in a flame ?
The great Adonis in the Cyprian grove

And flushed him with embraces? Ah! that smile!
 I fain for shame must hide my face awhile!
 Ah! pity for my love's sake,—smoothe thy breast
 Has no such reason for a sick unrest

PHILAMION

Dear child, young love thanks thee as it knows best,
 And I seem old to thee and past my time,
 Five years, forsooth, beyond thy budding prime

LYSIDICE

Last morn he came, and with his arms he led
 A new washed lamb with roses round its head,
 He started to mean the lovely gift for me,
 But blushed too much my blushing face to see—
 How sweet 't is to tell thee all my woe

PHILAMION

Speak on, nor heed, love, that I tremble so

LYSIDICE

I stole up towards him when his flock lay down
 From streets of noonside on the pastures brown,

Before him flashed a distant streak of sea,
 Behind him rose a whispering tamarisk tree
 I listened close, and, sister, ere he set
 The laughing calathus his lips to wet,
 His eyes were sparkling, and—at night not be—
 I thought he whispered low "Lysidice!"

PHILFNON

Behind that tree, and where the olives throw
 A silver shadow on the leaves below,
 Say, hast thou been?

LYSIDICE.

Yes, where the boughs dimly
 And show, half veiled in the dim hill side
 A noiseless and untrampled place of tomb
 Thou weepst, sister, for the lamp illumines
 The shining fringes of those sweetest eyes?

In memory, thou art rich in thy to day,
Let me go silent on a sadder way

IASIDICE

A burning tear has dropped upon my hand
Have I done ill? I cannot understand !

PHILEMON

Among the groves that fill that olive shade
I wandered once just such a joyous maid
As thou. Within my clinging hands I held
A young creature, who by song impelled,
Struck with his feet the ethern of his wings,
I laughed, inspired by all the amorous things
The sacred creature hated till I threw
Backward my head, and caught against the blue
A man's keen face that looked me through and through

IASIDICE

Let me come nearer, for you whisper love

PHILENION

I spread my fingers, let the wild wings go,
 Spring to my feet, and would have fled, but he
 Was swifter, and his arms encompassed me
 Beneath the shade he wooed my fears away,
 And showed the channel where his shallop lay,
 He lived upon the seas—Oh! strange and sweet
 To sit at Aphrodite's awful feet!
 Next morn I stole, and laid across her shrine
 A fillet of the cypress dark locks of mine
 An ivy wreath, a grasshopper in gold
 She rose from out the tinging foam and cold
 She ruled it still, and when I heard the roar
 Of distant waves I prayed to her the more
 I tell in vain

I, too, before the dawn to day hung up
In Aphrodite's shrine my silver cup
Engraved with massy combats of old kings

PHILETION

I pray the gods that with all pleasant things
Thy life at all times may be crowned and blest
May all the sweets into thy cup be pressed
Till the sad gods forget in musing mood

LYSIDICE

Tell me what end came of this love of thine ?

PHILETION

There is but one fixed goal where love may fare
And every lover that the world shall bear,
After brief space or lengthened, weal or woe,
They downward and in solitude must go
Where the Queen sits with poppies round her hair
Brief was our time for passion, scant and rare

The hours of pleasure in my life have been
One chill October night when airs were keen,
And I within the quiet house began
To clear the soft white spinning wool & span
Forth from my knees, and thou wert bent to hold
The oil press lowly oozing liquid gold,
Silent, before the fire, we two alone,
There came out of the dark a wailing moan,—
His voice in vision,—and I rose, but thou
Heard'st nothing and I perceived nothing of my woe
I felt that far away at sea his breath
Had talked on mine at the last hour of death,
And through the thundering foam and roaring tide
My heart had heard the whisper as he died
Yes, Aybrooke, to whom ever I used pray,
Had heard my prayer in her or in mystic way

My foolish hardness? See, my cheeks are wet
With passionate falling of remorseful tears

PHILENION

Thou hast the spring tide lightness of thy years,
Sister! Behold, my arms are open wide,
Those vain reproches in this bosom hide!
Dream not that life has lost all bliss for me,
Content to love and live again in thee
Fair throbbing head, and flowing wealth of tress
Alive in its own glancing loveliness,
Soft neck, warm hands, and best of all, I know,
Clear virgin heart fast beating down below,
These are my loves, and till that sacred hour
When Love shall crown thee with his mother's flower,
And I into the strong hands of a man
Shall give thee, as a sister only can,
These are my care, and all my life shall be
Absorbed in conquering thy destiny,
What woes the gods may for our heads prepare,
With cheerful countenance and instant prayer,

I will prevail that I alone may bear
But when that day of days at last shall dawn
When underneath the platan on the lawn
Our hands suspend the wreath of dripping buds,
Your lotos garland, starred with multitudes
Of nuptial blossoms steeped in rich perfume,
When all the maddens throng to view the room
Along whose walls the town's best art provides
So set amorous stones incident to brides,
When crowned with hyacinths, a chorus loud,
The virgins chant thy praises in a crowd,
And only hush, when on the ground they pour
The fragrant oil, one last libation more,—
Then, darling oh I may I be there to weep
Still tears of ecstasy that down and creep,
My holy Cyprus round thy body tune
The sacred piddle of her charm divine,
And then may Love, all swallowed up in thee,
Forget, yea ' even in dreams, to visit me

THE FARM

To H T

FAR in the soft warm west
There lies an orchard nest,
Where every spring the black-caps come
And build themselves a downy home

The apple boughs entwine,
And make a network fine
Through which the morning vapours pass
That rise from off the dewy grass.

And when the spring warmth shoots
Along the apple rooks,
The gnarled old boughs grow full of buds
That gleam and leaf in multitudes

And then, first cold and white,
Soon flushing with delight,
The blossom heads come out and blow
And mimic sunset tinted snow

Just where my farm house ends,
A single gable bends,
And one small window, ivy bound,
Looks into this enchanted ground

I sit there while I write,
And dream in the dim light
That floods the misty orchard through,
A pale-green vapour tinged with blue

And watch the growing year,
The flower that springs and perishes,
The apple bloom that riches bring,
The colours of the clinging red,

The falling blossom fills
The cups of daffodils,
That loll their perfume haunted heads
Along the feathery parsley beds

And then the young girls come
To take the gold flowers home,
They stand there, laughing, lilac white,
Within the orchard's green twilight

The rough old walls decay,
And moulder day by day,
The fern roots tear them, stone by stone,
The ivy drags them, overgrown,

But still they serve to keep
This little shrine of sleep
Intact for singing birds and bees
And lovers no less shy than these

Soft perfumes blown my way
 Surround me day by day
 How spring and summer flowers arrange
 The aromatic interchange

For, in the still warm night,
 I taste the faint delight
 Of dim white violets that lie
 Far down in depths of greenery

And from the wild white rose
 That in my window blows
 At dawn an odour pure and free
 Comes arising like the scent of wine

I live in forest and tree,
 'Tis as if I were some
 A bird in the air, or a bee,
 That in the air, or a bee,
 That in the air, or a bee,

Nor seem's it strange indeed
To hold the happy creed
That all fair things that bloom and die
Have conscious life as well as I

That not in vain arise
The speedwell's azure eyes,
Like stars upon the river's brink
That shine unseen of us, and sink

That not for Man is made
All colour, light and shade,
All beauty ripened out of night,—
But to fulfil its own delight

The black caps croon and sing
Deep in the night, and sing
No songs in which man's life is silent,
But to embody their content

Then let me joy to be
Alive with bird and tree,
And have no haughtier aim than this—
To be a partner in their bliss

So shall my soul at peace
From anxious carping cease,
Fed slowly like a wholesome bud
With sap of healthy thoughts and good

That when at last I die,
No prude my earth deny,
But with her living forms combine
To chant a threnody divine

THE PIPE-PLAYER

Cool, and palm shaded from the torrid heat,
The young brown terror puts his piping by,
And sets the twin pipe to his lips, to try
Some air of brimish pleasure where lovers meet
O sweet music, how and where are fleet,
That all delight, and youth' full fun to fly
Pipe on in peace! To morrow, must we die?
What matter, if our life to day be sweet!
Soon, soon, the silver paper reeds that sigh
Along the Sacred River will repeat
The echo of the dark-stoled bearers' feet,
Who carry you, with wailing, where must lie
Your swathed and withered body, by and by,
In perfumed darkness with the gums of whet

IN THE BAY

Far out to east one streak of golden light
Shows where the lines of sea and heaven unite,—

While heaven shot through with film of flying cloud,
Gray sea the wind just flutters and makes bright,
And wa' es to music neither low nor loud

Two horns jut out, and join, as I run the bay,
Sa'e where a spear white & rip of shingle may
Break through the bar, where, black as black can be
Their steep and hollow rock's resourl till day
The jarr'd & rumble of the tumburg sea

Here on a sorry cliff, while boat is out
Flooded or dark and face brown and brow
We lay-eyed as they sail, plying with sloe & f
The women & the folk that dwell there,
A lowly life a certain time to be

Then leaping down together with a cry,
I watched them dash into the waves, and fly
 Around the shallow, as a sea bird bends,
Tossing the froth and streaming, and then I
 Plunged like Arion to my dolphin friends

The cool impact of water clang and pressed
Around our buoyant bodies, head and breast,
 Downward I sunk through green and liquid gloom
By all the streams of shore and seas caressed,
 Dark vitreous depths by faint cross lights illumed

And rising once again to sunlit air
We flung the salt drip back from beard and hair,
 And shouted to the sun, and knew no more
The trodden earth, with all its pain and care,
 But set our faces seaward from the shore

Then, lo! the narrow streak of eastern light
Along the dark sea's line, began to smite

Its radiance high up heaven, the flying mast
Sped from the sky, and left it gold and white,
And made the tossing sea like amethyst

Midway between the rocks that girt the bay,
An islet rose, of rock as black as they,

Sombre it stood against the glowing sky,
And two of us swam out to it straightway,
And cleft the waves with strenuous arm and thigh,

And as I strove and wrestled in the race,
I turned and saw my comrade's merry face,
The sunlight fell upon his hair, and through
The film of water showed the sinewy grace
Of white limbs, bright against the sea's green blue

So, laughing, we won the rock, and then
Climbed up and waited for our fellow men,
Sat on the eastward brink of it, and let
The cold foam cling upon our feet again,
And plash our limbs with tangle, crushed and wet

There, holding back the wet hair from my eyes
The moment saved me with its strange surprise
Straightway I lost all sense of present things
And in the spirit, as an eagle flies,
I floated to the sunrise on wide wings

Some antique frenzy sliding through my brain
Made natural thought a moon upon the wane,
Fast fading in a vague and silvery slay,—
I know not if such moment be not gain,
They teach us, surely, what it is to die

But suddenly my comrade spoke, the sound
Recalled my soul again to common ground
And now, like sea gods on a holiday,
My friends were tumbling in the foam around,
And made the waters hoary with their play

With that, I spread my naked arms and drew
My hands together over my head and I knew

That all was changing into cool repose,
And while into the pulsing deep I flew,
My glad heart sang its greeting, ah ! who knows

What power the sea may have to understand,
Since all night long it whispers to the land,
And moans along the shallows, and cries out
Where skerries in the lonely channels stand,
And sounds in drowning ears a mighty shout ?

“ Sea that I love, with arms extended wide,
I clasp you as the bridegroom claps the bride,
Strong sea, receive me throbbing, close me round
With tender firm embracing. } Not denied,
I plunge and revel in thy cool profound !

Have I not known thee? Lo! thy breath was mild
About my body when I was a child,

My hair was blanched with sea winds full of brine
No voice beguiled me as thy voice beguiled

The loveliest face my childhood knew was thine!

' Then on the shore in shadow, but to drive
I plunge far out into the sun lit spray,

A child's heart gave thee all a child's heart can,
But now I love thee in a bolder way,
And take the fiercer pasture of a man

" Nor I alone enjoy thee! Here a score,
Comrades of mine and still a million more

Might leap to thee, thou wouldst rejoice again
Like her of old whose mystic body bore
As many breasts as there are mouths of men

" Clinging, thy cool spray makes us thus alone
We have no human passion of our own,

Here all is thine, prone body and dumb soul,
 Thine for thy waves to dash, thy foam to crown,
 Thy circling eddies to caress and roll!"

With that I sped along the glittering sea,
 Parting the foam, and plunging full of glee,
 Tossed back my tangled hair, and struck far out
 Where orient sunrise paved a path for me,
 And whispering waves returned my lyric shout.

Behold me and around me, lithe and fair,
 Like Triton lings at sport my comrades were —
 Some towing conches that they had dived to find,
 Some spearing rack, haddock, and carpsot trout
 To eat on the soft cool beaches of the sand

Ah ! for the sky put off its robe of gold ,
A sharp wind blew out of a cloudy fold ,
The bitter sea but mocked us ! To the core
The keen breeze pierced us with a cutting cold
And sad and numb we huddled to the shore

So pass life's ecstasies and yet, ah me !
What sorrow if no change should ever be,
Since, out of grieving at a present blight
Come sweeter wafts of garnered memory,
And sweeter yearning for a new delight

And but for that chill end in rain and wind,
I know not if my changing brain would find
On its pallimpsest memories of that day
When full of life and youth and careless mind
We dashed and shouted in the sunlit bay

THE BALLAD OF DEAD CITIES

TO A L

Where are the cities of the plain ?

And where the shrines of rapt Bethel ?

And Calah built of Tubal Can ?

And Shinar whence King Amraphel

Came out in arms and fought, and fell,

Decoyed into the pits of slime

By Siddita, and so at beer to hell,

Where are the cities of old time ?

They fade like echo in a shell,
Where are the cities of old time?

And where is white Shushan, again,
Where Vasthi's beauty bore the bell,
And all the Jewish oil and grain
Were brought to Mithridath to sell,
Where Nehemiah would not dwell,
Because another town sublime
Decoyed him with her oracle?
Where are the cities of old time?

EX VOT

Prince, with a dolorous, ceaseless bell
Above their wasted toil and crime
The waters of oblivion swell
Where are the cities of old time?

THE BATH

With rosy palms against her bosom pressed
To stay the shudder that she dreads of old,
Lysidice glides down, till silver cold
The water gradients half her glowing breast,
A yellow butterfly on flowery quest
Rifles the roses that her tresses hold
A breeze comes wandering through the fold on fold
Of draperies curtaining her shrine of rest
Soft beauty, like her hundred petals strewed
Along the crystal coolness, there she lies
What vis on gratifies those gentle eyes?
She dreams she stands where yesterday she stood,
Where all the whole arena shrieks for blood,
Not in the sand a gladiator dies

THE NEW ENDYMION

Behind the ghostly poplar trees

The moon rose high when Celra died .

To win the fiercest midnight breeze

I'd thrown the curtains both aside,

And thus was how I came to see,

In my most fearless agony,

The red moon in the poplar tree

The scent of lilies, sickly sweet,

* Just floated through the shining air,

And the hot perfume of the wheat

Hung like a vapour every where ,

The anguish of the summer night

Close, breathless, sultry still and bright,

Seemed without hope and infinite

But most the round orb of the moon,
That one by one the branches kissed,
Drawn out of her flushed waking swoon,
And changed to gold above the mist,
Seemed like a rancorous enemy,
Who climbed by stairs into the sky
Better to see my darling die

And I remembered, hushed at heart,
Without a tear, though she was dead,—
As if my future had no part
In that cold past upon the bed,—
I thought how much the moon had seen
Of happy days that lay between
The sweet my be and sad has been

Quarling to feel her, every time
I forged another link of love,
The very moon had seemed to climb,
And reach my lips, and hang above,

I shuddered, and my thoughts I cast,
While all my vans were beating fast,
Across my memories of the past.

I thought of that clear tropic night,
When, like a bird, through Indian seas
Our ship unfolded wings of light,
And lost the land by soft degrees
She paced the deck, I heard the stir
Of robes, her beauty's minister,
And at the last I spoke to her

But while our budding fortunes crossed,
Amid her courteous flights of speech,
My careless vision slowly lost
The range of palm trees on the beach,
Whereat another light began
Behind the isles of Andaman,
And up the golden moonlight ran

I turned and saw her gentle face,
Those violet moon shot eyes I saw,
And in that very hour and place
Bent like a vassal to her law ,
But yet I dared not speak, and soon
She rose and suddenly had gone,
And left me to the florld moon

I thought me of a winter street,
And how the first time, on my arm,
I felt her gentle pulses beat
As in a virgin vague alarm ,
We let the rest pass on before,
As I talking lingered, more and more
Hid in the city's kindly roar

The great crowd caught us in its net,
And pressed us clost to each other ,
We spoke of all since I st & c met,
And I told of I 'e sister and like brother ,

I all the while, with fixed intent,
Towards some more serious silence bent
To say a certain thing I meant

In vain,—till out of the blue night,
Behind the vast cathedral spire,
There swam into our sudden sight
A globe of honey coloured fire,
And in the wonder of the view
She hushed her talking, and I knew
How fond her heart was and how true

I thought, too, of the magic hour
When in one sacred chamber bound,
She loosed her wreath of orange flower,
And dropped her wealth of hair uncrowned
And I, with tenderest fingers lived
About the slimmest of her waist,
Her cool and cream white throat embraced

And through this window pane we glanced
And saw the silvery soft may moon —
Like some young maiden that hath danced
Till her bright head is in a swoon,—
Lean up against the poplar tree,
And in the wild wind we could see
The leaves fold round her amorously

They folded round as sisters might
Around a maiden sick to death,
Whom some perfidious churl and light
Had cheated with delusive breath
The moon's white face that golden hour
Had something of the tints that glow
About the anemone in flower

Yet that last night when Celia died
The room's floor had a stranger lie
A room of story had a bride,
Lies white as roseate and fair

Through all my sorrow, all my pain,
I gazed upon the orb again,
Till my pent anguish gushed in rain,

And then upon her face I fell,
My sweet, lost Celia's, and my arms
Clasped round once more the miracle
Of her divine and tender charms,
The room grew dark, I know not why,—
I gazed and saw that, suddenly,
The moon was ashy in the sky

When I arose and left the dead,
And wandered up into the wood,
Till briar and honeysuckle shed
A subtle odour where I stood
And there, beneath the boughs that lie
Thin leaved against the stars on high,
The moon swam down the liquid sky

And since that night of pain and loss

I have not felt as I have felt

As alien in their court I move,

And from their ways, as I feel

The common ways of life I shun,

And quit my comrades every one,

And live sequestered from the sun

But when the crescent moon begins

To fill her slender bow with fire

A dream upon my lawn runs,

I lie awake with a fond desire,

I smile along the mountain top,

But when the dawn their range she drops,

My heart will no more leap and leap

And when the perfect moon appears
A golden paragon of spheres,
I rise a god among my peers

Twelve times within the weary year
That marvellous hour of joy returns
And till its rapture reappear

My pulse is like a flame that burns,
I have no wonder, now, nor care
For any woman's hands or hair,
For any face, however fair

Ah ! what am I that she should bend
Her glorious godship down to me ?

My mortal weakness cannot lend

Fresh light to her vast deity !
I know not ! only this I know—
She loves me, she has willed it so
And blindly in her light I go

Sweet, make me as a mountain pool

With thy soft radiance mirrored o'er,
Or like the moon of morn, gray and cool,
Tha' hides thy virtue in its core,
I will grow old and pass away,
Thou art immortal, love, I pray,
Bend o'er me on my fall day.

WIND OF PROVENCE

O WIND of Provence, subtle wind that blows
Through coverts of the impenetrable rose,
O musical soft wind, come near to me,
Come down into these hollows by the sea,
O wind of Provence, heavy with the rose !

How once along the blue sea's battlements
Thy amorous rose trees poured their spicy scents !
The heavy perfume streamed down granite walls,
Where now the prickly cactus gibes and crawls
Down towards cold waves from grim rock battlements
Of all the attar, sharp and resinous,
The spines and stalks alone are left for us,

And so much sickly evanescence as may cleave
About the hands of maidens when they weave
Wild roses into wreaths of bloom for us

Where are the old days vanished, ah ! who knows ?
When all the wide world blossomed with the rose,
When all the world was full of frank desire,
When love was passion and when flowers were fire
Where are the old days vanished, ah ! who knows ?

Come down, O wind of Provence, sing again
In my hilled ears, for quenching of all pain,
The litany of endless amorous hours,
The song of songs that blossomed with the flowers,
And brightened when the flowers decayed again

Love's ladies paced the sward beneath all towers,
Their grass-green satins stirred the daisy flowers,
No knight or dame was pale with spent desire,
Nor pleasure served them as an altar fire,
Their mortal spirits faded like soft flowers

Some wreaths and robes, a lute with mouldered strings,
One clear perennial song on deathless wings,
Still tell us later men of those delights
That filled their happy days and passionate nights,
While Life smote gaily on his tense harp strings

Now cold earth covers all of them with death,
The grey world travels on with failing breath,
Long having passed her prime, and twilight comes,
And some men wait for dream millenniums,
But most are gathering up their robes for death

The old air hangs about us cold and strange,
We stand like blind men, wistful for a change,
But only darkness lies on either hand,

And in a sinister, unlovely land,
We cling together, waiting for the change

But in this little interval of rest
May one not press the rose flower to his breast,
The sanguine rose whose passionate delight
In amorous days of old was infinite,
And now, like some narcotic, sings of rest?

So be it! I, the child of this last age,
To whom the shadow of death is heritage,
Will set my face to dream against the past,
This time of tears and trouble cannot last,
The dawn must some time herald a new age

Till then, O wind of Provence, thrill my brain
With musk and terebenth and dewy rain
I rom or er luxurious roses, and declare
That wine is delicate and woman fair,
O wind of Provence, shall I call in vain?

RONDEAU

If Love should furt, and half decline

Below the fit meridian sign,

And shorn of all her golden dross

His royal state and loveliness,

Be no more worth a heart like thine,

Let not thy nobler passion pine,

But, with a cheer thy d. an,

Let Memory ply her soft address

If Love should furt ,

And oh ! this begg'd heart of mine,

Like some halt pilgrim start'd with wine,

Shall ache in pain's dear distress,

Urt' the balms of thy excess

To wind the flamed case combine,

If Love should furt

MOORLAND

Now the buttercups of May
Tremble Linter day by day
And the stalks of flowering clover
Shake the June field red all over —

Now the cuckoo like a bell
Solimates a sad farewell
And his note of gale-perceeing
Loves to make men consider growing —

Let the sun shine and go
Where the fester red roses blow
Where the grass is at its tender
And the crocuses are of the flower

Just a year ago to day,
Friend, we climbed the self same way,
Through the village green, and higher
Past the smithy's thundering fire,

Up and up and where the hill
Wound us by the cider still,
Where the scuthers from the window
Sat along the hedge for shadow

Where the little wayside inn
Signals that the moors begin,
Ah ! remember all our laughter,
Loitering at the bar,—and after !

All must be the same to day,
All must look the same old way,
Only that the sweet child maiden
We admired so well, fruit laden,

Now life an expanded bud,
 Must be blown to womanhood,
 And the fuller lips and bosom
 Must proclaim the perfect blossom

One step more ! Before us, lo !
 Sheer the great ravine below,
 Empty, save where one brown plover
 Wheels across the ferny cover !

Here, & here all the valley lies
 Like a scroll before our eyes,
 Let us spend our golden leisure
 In a world of lazy pleasure

Comrade, let your heart forget
 All the thoughts that fray and fret,
 Till the sun-dew dries on your hair,
 & we sit there in the fern, and dream

See below us, where the stream
Winds with broken silver gleam,
How the nervous quivering salmons
Bend and dare not touch the shallows !

In that willow shaded pool,
When last June the airs were cool,
How we made the hot noon shiver
With our plunge into the river

In the sweet sun, side by side
You and I and none beside !
Head and hands, thrown backward, shaken,
Sink into the soft warm bracken

Up in heaven a mill y sky
Floats across us leisurely ,
When we close our eyes, the duller
Half light seems a faint red colour

In this weary life of ours
Pass too many leaden hours ,
In our chronicles of passion
Too much apes the world's dull fashion

If our spirits strive to be
Pure and high in their degree,
Let us learn the soaring psalm
Under God's own empyrean

Lecture in the sun and air
Makes the spirit strong and fair ,
Flaccid veins and pallid features
Are no' fit for sky-born creatures

Come then, for the hours of May
Wane and falter, day by day,
And the thrushes first June chorals
Will have walked the words before us

THE GOLDEN ISLES

To J A S

SAD would the salt waves be,

And cold the singing sea,

And dark the gulfs that echo to the seven stringed lyre,

If things were what they seem,

If life had no fur dream,

No magic made to tip the dull sea line with fire

Then Sleep would have no light

And Death no voice or sight,

Their sister Sorrow, too, would be as blind as they,

And in this world of doubt

Our souls would roam about,

And find no song to sing and no word good to say

The reared forms they bear
Of islands famed and far,
On whose keen rocks, of old, heroic fleets have struck,
Whose marble cliffs have seen
In flowing garments green
The ocean nymphs go by to bring the shepherds luck.

White are their crags, and blue
Ravines divide them through,
And like a violet shell their cliffs recede from sight,
Between their fretted crevices
Fresh isles in lovely shapes
Die on the horizon pale and hapse in liquid light

Past that dim straitened shore,
The Argive mother bore
The boy she brought to Zeus, pledge of the Golden fleece,
Here Delos, like a gem,
Still feels Leto's hem,
A lordlier Naxos crowns a purpler arc of sea

There mine, of Parian lie
 Hid from the sun's clear eye,
 And waiting still the lamp the hammer and the axe
 And he who, peasant, sees
 These nobler Cyclades
 Forgets the ill of life, and nothing mortal lack.

But many an one, in vain
 Puts out across the main,
 And thinks to leap on land and tread the magic shore
 He comes for all his toil,
 No nearer to their soil,—
 They are as ever looking on a far shore still before.

So he contended, and still
 The storm-wave hark and chill
 Rode on his sail, and bled the heaven with clouds and
 Sate
 And we landed half-dead,
 And a word of cure
 For the weary and the weak and the harbour whence he came

The poet sits and smiles,

He knows the Golden Isles,

He never hopes to win their cliffs, their marble mures,

Reefs where their green sea raves,

The coldness of their caves,

Their felspars full of light, their rosy corallines

All these he oft has sought,

Led by his travelling thought,

Their glorious distance hides no reward charm from him,

He would not have their day

To common light deny,

He loves their mystery best, and bids their shapes be dim

They solace all his pain,

They animate his strains,

Within their radiant glow he soon forgets the world,

They bathe his torrid noons

In the soft light of moons,

They leave his lingering evenings tenderly empearled

As one who walks all day
Along a dusty way,
May turn aside to plunge in some sequestered pool
And so may straight forget
His weariness and fret,—
So feels the poet's heart those highlands blue and cool

Content to know them there,
Hung in the shining air,
He trims no foolish sail to win the hopeless coast,
His vision is enough
To feed his soul with love,
And he who grasps too much may even himself be lost

He knows that, if he waits,
One day, the well-worn gates
Of life will open and send him westward o'er the wave
Then will he reach ere night
The land of his delight,
But they never part until they anchor in the grave

SUNSHINE BEFORE SUNRISE

THE ice white mountains clustered all around us,

But arctic summer blossomed at our feet ,

The perfume of the creeping willows found us

The cranberry flowers were sweet

The reindeer champed the lushly moss, and over

The sparkling peak that crowned the dim ravine

The sky was violet blue , and loved by lover

We clung and lay half seen

Below us through the valley crept a river,

Cleft round an island where the Lap men lay

Its sluggish water dragged with slow endeavour

The mountain snows away

One thin blue curl of wood smoke rose up single,—
The only sign of life the valley gave,
But where the fern roots and the streamlets tangle
Our hearts were warm and brave

My arm was round her small head sweetly fashioned,
Her bright head shapely as a by-remembered bell,
So silent were we that our hearts' impassioned
Twin throb was audible.

Alas! for neither knew the language spoken
Amongst the people whence the other came,
A few brief words were all we had for spoken,
And just each other's name

"*My face is pure as this blue fern we know you*"
I said—but saw she let the meaning slip,
"Jeg elder Dee," I felt must be, "*I love you*"
And answered, lip to lip

Oh! how the tender throbbing of her bosom
I felt, and felt like, crushed to mine in that embrace,

White blushes, like the light through some red blossom,
Dyed all her dewy face

There is no night time in the northern summer,
But golden summer fills the hours of sleep,
And sunset fades not, till the bright new comer,
Red sunrise, smites the deep

But when the black snow shadows grew intenser
Across the peaks against the golden sky,
And on the hills the knots of deer grew denser,
And raised their tender cry,

And wandered downward to the Lap men's dwelling,
We knew our long sweet day was nearly spent,
And slowly, with our hearts within us swelling,
Our homeward steps we bent

Down rugged paths and torrents mad with foaming,
With clashing hands, we loitered, blind with joy
I thought a long life spent like this in roaming
Would never tire or cloy

And very late we saw before us dreaming,

The red roofed town where all her days had been,
And far beyond, half shadowed and half gleaming,

The blue sea, flecked with green.

Ah ! sweet is life and sweet is youth's young passion,

And sweet the first kiss on a girl's warm cheek,
Since then we both have learnt in broken fashion
Each other's tongues to speak,

And many days and nights of love and pleasure

Have had their fragrant chaplets on our hair,

And many hours of eloquent rare leisure

Have made our lives seem fair.

And Memory has no more a home in this place

In all her shining catalogue of joy,

As the one day of older warm earth lies

Among the century flowers.

SONG

THERE'S a sleek thrush sits in the apple tree

When it blooms all over with rosy snow,

And hark ! how he opens his heart to me,

Till its inmost hopes and desires I know !

Blow, wind, blow,

For the thrush will fly when the bloom must go

O a friend I had, and I loved him well

And his heart was open and sang to mine,

And it pains me more than I choose to tell,

That he cared no more if I sang or pined

Friend of mine,

Can the music fade out of love like thine ?

SESTINA

*First is a poem by Donatello
Gustave's daughter - 1878*

In far Provence the land of lute and rose
Arras, great mas ar of the love of love,
First who's vestures to win his lady's heart
Once she was deaf when simpler lives he sang,
And for her's he broke the bonds of rhyme,
And in his scholar treasure hid his woe

If by my lines could you perchance the word
Will I then be found and I could not
I know on him that case her love in rhyme
I then for the more sake the love of Love

And like a wild wood nightingale he sang
Who thought in crabb'd lays to ease his heart

It is not told in her unloos'd heart
The secret, by her poet's lyric voice,
Or if in vain so amorously he sang,
Perchance through ghastly dream of dark conceits he rose
To nobler heights of philosophic love
And crown'd his later years with sternest rhyme

This thing alone we love the triple rhyme
Of him who lived his vast and passionate heart
To all the crossing frames of hate and love,
Went as the wind of all its storm of woe,—
As some loud morn of March may hear a note,—
The trumpet of a song that Anna's sang

South of his mother tongue the Frochman sang
Of Lancelot and of Grailand, the rhyme
That beat so bloodily at the core of rose,
It stirred the sweet Francesca's gentle heart

To tale that kiss that brought her so much woe
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love

And Dante, full of her immortal love
Stayed his drear song and softly fondly sung
As though his voice brook with that weight of woe
And to this day we think of Arnaut's rhyme
Whenever pity at the labouring heart
On fair Francesca's memory drops the rose

Ah sovereign Love forget this weaker rhyme
The men of old who sang were great of heart
Yet have we too known woe and worn thy robe

ON A LUTE FOUND IN A SARCOPHAGUS

T. L. A. T.

WHAT curled and scented sun girls, almond eyed,
With lotos blossoms in their hands and hair,
Have made their swithy lovers call them fair,
With these spent strings, when brutes were defied,
And Memnon in the sunrise sprang and cried,
And love winds smote Bubastis, and the bare
Black breasts of carved Pasht received the prayer
Of supplants bearing gifts from far and wide !
This lute has out-sung Egypt, all the lives
Of violent passion, and the vast calm art
That lasts in granite only, all the dead,
This little bird of song alone survives,
As fresh as when its fluting smote the heart
Last time the brown Jave wore it garlanded

SONGS FROM "KING ERIK" (1876)

I

Autumn closes
Round the roses,
Shatters, strips them, head by head
Winter passes
Over the grasses
Turns them yellow, brown and red,
Can a lover
Ever recover
When his summer love is dead?

Yet the willow
Turns to follow
In the northward wake of spring
To refreshment
When the winter has passed on

With a sweep of his dark wing,
As returning
Love flies burning
To those stricken lips that sing

II

I bring a garland for your head,
Of blossoms fresh and fur,
My own hands wound their white and red
To ring about your hair
Here is a lily, here a rose,
A warm narcissus that scarce blows,
And fairer blossoms no man knows

So crowned and chapleted with flowers,
I pray you be not proud,
For after brief and summer hours
Comes autumn with a shroud,—
Though fragrant as a flower you lie,
You and your garland, byt and bye,
Will fade and wither up and die

SONGS FROM "THE UNKNOWN LOVER"

(1878)

I

SOFT she seems as flowers and dew ,

Mild as skies in summer,

But let old love change for new

She'll wake with the new comer ,

All and each

She will teach

In a forward fashion !

Leopards wild

Fear this child

Roused to fire and passion !

Cease to chide a maid's desire,

Win your love an 'envour ,

You'll but waste your threats and ire,

She will heed you never ,

You may bind

Storm and wind,

You may curb the ocean,

But in vain

Strive to chain

Woman's mad devotion

II

Chloe is false, but the fire in her eyes

Rouses her lovers with thousand sweet delusions ,

Cælia is true, and, too true to be wise

Breaks, like a dream, all their amorous illusions

Lovers are weak, and they ask not to know

Alas that lies under the rose leaves and the laughter .

Wisdom may call, but to pleasure they go,

Cælia they honour, but Chloe they run after

WITH A BIRTHDAY GIFT OF WEBSTER'S PLAYS

POET and Friend ! Pause while the bells of Time
Ring out the great decision of your days,
And let the cadence of these sombre plays
Be the grave echo of their silver chime,
And as you slowly up to glory climb,
Nigh fainting in the lower thorny ways,
Take solace from the eternal wreath of bays
That crowns at last this weary brow sublime,
His was a soul whose calm intensity
Glared, shoeless, at the passion-sun that blinds,
Unblinded, till the storm of song arose,—
Even as the paler and Promethean sea
Tosses in deep, until the vulture winds
Swoop down and tear the breast of its remorse

EROS

WITHIN a forest, as I strayed
Far down a sombre autumn glade,
I found the god of love,
His bow and arrows cast aside,
His lovely arms extended wide,
A depth of leaves above,
Beneath o'erarching boughs he made
A place for sleep in russet shade

His lips, more red than any rose
Were like a flower that overflows
With honey pure and sweet,
And clustering round that holy mouth
The golden bees in eager drouth
Pined busy wings and feet,
They knew, what every lover knows
There's no such honey bloom that blows

LUBECK

WE sat in Lubeck underneath
The hoodens of the minister-pie
Round us the city, still as death
Was gathered like a roe

The great red tower sprang over us
Far up a dome of saffron-glow
More vast and clear and luminous
Than English minster-towers

Faint colouring of the Friesland breeze
Sang from its cathedral roof of sea,
And we were glad that it was gone
And we were glad the ship was here

And, whirling low, a gooseherd came,
And led his flock across the grass,
And then we saw a burgher dame,
Demurely smiling, pass

We sucked the juice from tangled stems
Of currants, rosy red and white,
And in the wind the ancient vanes
Were creaking out of sight

And little maidens, too, came by,
And shook their tails of flaxen hair,
We held a conclave, small and shy,
To taste our juicy fare,

Then, wandering down by wondering towers,
We reached at last a little knoll,
And there, among the pinksy flowers,
We read of "Atta Troll

How sweetly in the falling light
The broad still river, like a moat,

Swung, with its water lilies white,
And yellow buds afloat !

A little mither ! but such moods
Make up the sum of happy hours ,
In uncongenial solitudes
They come to us like flowers

So lay that afternoon to sleep
Among your darrest pansy-knots,—
The hushed herbarium where you keep
Your heart's forget me nots

D G R.

MASTER, whose very nuns have god like power
Of song and light divine, being has who went
Unscathed through burning fire omnipotent,
Singing for men, and his who hour by hour
Stands in the imminent and splendid shower
Of God's effulgence, and being lustily blent
With the warm light and odour effluent
Of your own rhymes, our latest, loveliest dower,
Not in our own land could my weakness mock
Your strength with homage of my poor May day,—
The applause of circling poets scared my song,
But here where twenty thousand thunders shock
The violent air for leagues of dim sea way
Surely my heart may speak, nor do you wrong !

TO MY DAUGHTER TERESA

THOU hast the colours of the Spring,
The gold of kingcups triumphing,
The blue of wood bells wild
But winter thoughts thy spirit fill,
And thou art wandering from us still,
Too young to be our child!

Yet have thy fleeting smiles confessed
Thou dost and much do weéd pursue,
That home is near at hand,
Long I sit in high expectation
Close by our door thy spirit to behold
Its journey tell and part

Oh sweet bewildered soul, I watch
The fountains of thine eyes, to catch
 New fancies bubbling there,
To feel our common light, and lose
The flush of strange ethereal hues
 Too dim for us to share !

Fade, cold immortal lights, and make
This creature human for my sake,
 Since I am nought but clay ,
An angel is too fine a thing
To sit behind my chair and sing,
 And cheer my passing day

I smile, who could not smile, unless
The ur of rapt unconsciousness
 Pierced, with the fading hours ,
I joy in every childish ego
That proves the stranger less divine
 And much more meekly ours

I smile, as one by night & hoar-frost,
Through mist of rime beaded trees,
The clear Orion set,
And knows that soon the dawn will fly
In fire across the even sky,
And gild the woodlands wet.

ALCYONE

SONNET

PHOEBUS

WHAT voice is this that wails above the deep?

ALCYONE

A wife's, that mourns her fate and loveless days

PHOEBUS

What love has buried in these water ways?

ALCYONE

A husband's, hurried to eternal sleep

PHOEBUS

Cease, O beloved, cease to wail and weep !

Wherefore ?

PHCEBUS

The waters in a fiery blaze
Proclaim the godhead of my healing rays

ALCYONE

No god can sow where fate hath stood to reap

PHCEBUS

Hold, wringing hands ! cease, piteous tears, to fall !

ALCYONE

But grief must rain and glut the passionate sea

PHCEBUS

Thou shalt forget this ocean and thy wrong,
And I will bless the dead, though past recall

ALCIVY

What canst thou give to me or him in me?

PHILBY

A name in story and a light in song

THE WELL

LIKE this cold and mossy fount
Which forgets the sun at noon,
Sees just stars enough to count,
And a vision of the moon,—

Where the little stems and leaves,
Round the edges of the well,
Quiver, while the water grieves,
At the tale it has to tell,—

Where your bright face, peering through
Two soft clouds of falling hair
Sees a dim and troubled view
Of its own clear beauty there,—

Such my heart is , in it lies
Your dear image all day long,
But 'tis stored with fears and sighs,
And its dimness does you wrong

PERFUME

WHAT gift for passionate lovers shall we find ?
Not flowers nor books of verse suffice for me,
But splinters of the odorous cedar tree,
And tufts of pine buds, cozy in the wind ,
Give me young shoots ofromatic mind,
Or samphire, redolent of sand and sea,
For all such fragrances I deem to be
Fit with my sharp desires to be combined
My heart is like a poet, whose one room,
Scented with Latakia faint and fine,
Dried rose leaves, and spilt attar, and old wine,
From curtained windows gathers its warm gloom
Boards all but one sweet picture, & here incline
His thought and fancy married with perfume

VILLANELLE

LITTLE mistress mine, good bye !

I have been your sparrow true ,

Dig my grave, for I must die

Waste no tear and heave no sigh ,

Life should still be blithe for you,

Little mistress mine, good bye !

In your garden let me lie,

Undemeth the pointed yew

Dig my grave, for I must die

We have loved the quiet sky

With its tender arch of blue

Little mistress mine, goodbye !

That I still may feel you nigh,
In your virgin bosom, too,
Dig my grave, for I must die

Let our garden friends that fly
Be the mourners, fit and few
Little mistress mine, good bye !
Dig my grave, for I must die

1870-71

THE year that Henry Regnault died,—
The sad red blossoming year of war,—
All nations cast the lyre aside,
And gazed through curved fingers far
At horror, waste, and wile

Not one new song from overseas
Came to us, who had ears to hear?
The kings of Europe's minstrelries
Walked, bowed, behind the harrowing yew
Veiled, silent, all at ease,

For us the very name of man
Grew hateful in that mist of blood

We talked of how new life began
To eúles by the eastern flood,
Flower girdled in Japan

We dreamed of new delight begun
In palm-circled Indian shores,
Where men are coloured by the sun,
And went out contemplative souls,
And vanished one by one

We found no pleasure any more
In all the whirl of Western thought,
The dreams that wafted our souls hither
Were burst like bubbles, and we sought
New hopes on a new shore

The men who sang that pain was sweet
Scattered to see the mark of death
Stormily with reverent listening feet,
The women brought up for the h
Our throats like gorges low

The songs of pale emaciate hours,
The fungus growth of years of peace,
Withered before us like mown flowers,
We found no pleasure more in these,
When bullets fell in showers

For men whose robes are dashed with blood,
What joy to dream of gorgeous stars,
Stained with the torturing interlude
That soothed a Sultan's midday prayers,
In old days harsh and rude?

For men whose lips are blanched and white,
With aching wounds and torturing thirst,
What charm in canvas shot with light,
And pale with faces cleft and curst
Past life and life's delight?

And when the war had passed, and song
Broke out amongst us once again,
As birds sang fresher notes among

The sunshot woodlands after rain,
And happier tones prolong,—

So seemed it with the lyre heart
Of human singers, fresher aims
Sprang in the wilderness of art,
Serenely pathos, nobler claims
On man for his best part.

The times are changed, not Schumann now,
But Wagner is our music man,
Whose flutes and trumpets throb and glow
With life, as when the world began
Its general ebb and flow

The great god Pan redivided
Comes, his old kingship to reclaim
New hopes are spreading far and wide,
The lands were purged as with a flame,
The year that Reginald died

DESIDERIUM

SIT there for ever, dear, and lean

In marble as in fleeting flesh,

Above the tall grey reeds that screen

The river when the breeze is fresh ,

For ever let the morning light

Stream down that forehead broad and white,

And round that cheek for my delight

Already that flushed moment grows

So dark , so distant , through the ranks

Of scented reed the river flows

Still murmuring to its villous banks ,

But we can never hope to share

Again that rapture fond and rare,

Unless you turn immortal there

There is no other way to hold

These webs of mingled joy and pain,
Like gossamer their threads enfold

The journeying heart without a strain,—
Then break, and pass in cloud or dew
And while the ecstatic soul goes through
Are withered in the parching blue

Hold, Time, a little while thy glass,

And, Youth, fold up those peacock wings!
More rapture fills the years that pass

Than any hope the future brings
Some for to-morrow rashly pray,
And some desire to hold to-day,
But I am sick for yesterday

Since yesterday the hills were blue

That shall be grey for evermore,
And the fair sunset was shot through
With colour-reveries before
Tyranny's trailed yesterday

And lost the terrors of his sway,
But is a god again to-day

Ah ! who will give us back the past ?

Ah ! woe, that youth should love to be
Like this swift Thames that speeds so fast
And is so fain to find the sea,—
That leaves this maze of shadow and sleep,
These creeks down which blown blossoms creep
For breakers of the homeless deep

Then sit for ever, dear, in stone,
As when you turned with half a smile,
And I will haunt this islet lone,
And with a dream my tears beguile,
And in my reverie forget
That stars and suns were made to set,
That love grows old, or eyes are wet

THE SUPPLIANT

I kneel beneath the poplars o'er the sacred pool

The halcyons dart like rays of azure light,—

I see presage ' by the columns white and cool,

I'll watch till fall of night

I exchange the golden at the twilight's breath

Will come with silver feet and braided hair,

And I all too startled to decree my death,

Will hearken to my prayer

So I bend at moon rise by the fane I go,

The lonely girl who near the fig tree stands,

May turn no more on scornful feet as I slow,

Put I hold on both her hands

THE HOUSELICK

To G. A. A.

GENTLY houselick, & howe fur ludy love
Is my white dove,
Pier down from our slant tiled roof and see
If in my garden any flower or tree
Grows but for me !

Else will I scatter yellow peas,
And at my ease
Will woo thy soft companion to my feet,
And in the darkness of my safe retreat,
Feel her heart beat ,

And shut her in a golden cage,
And mock thy rage,

Till thy red spikes of blossom day by day
Beneath the winds and autumn suns decay,
And fade away

Round houseleek, squat upon the tiles !
For mice and moles
Thou canst gaze far and wide, look down for me
And tell me what thy cunning leaf can see
Hark though it be

The roses only live for pride,
The lilies died
Because the tough moth troubled their pure bells,
Deep down within the columbine's blue cells
Some sadness dwells,

The jonquils only breathe for God
A foot up trod
The hopeful larded pansy down to death,
The lily-maidle overleasheth
Her new and leaved death,

Only the violet I trust
Surely she must,
Being so sweet, so modest and so free,
And knowing how I love her utterly,
Be true to me?

O tell me houseleek, thou must know,
Say, is it so?
Then may thy dove's pinl feet upon the eaves
Perch all day long beside thy patient leaves,
While her throat grieves

MY OWN GRAVE

Imitated from Robert Browning

When all my life is done
Remember the pleasant sun
When cold are breath and limb,
And eyes grown dim

Before the whole heaven
Grown dead to me prepare
A cover for my face
A resting place

Let me no longer find tomb,
Nor over my grave a stone
For blessed earth and little
The world I forgo

In some sequestered spot,
Apart, concealed, remote,
Blown round by multitudes
Of breezy woods,

Broad skies above my head
Green turf my body's bed,
And, flowing by my side,
A river wide

There let me too forget
All sorrow, pain and fret,
Made one with flowers and trees,
And blithe like these

Green spring, and sunlight shed
On summer's golden head,
Rich autumn warm with light,
And winter white,

Will bring, with various cheer
The sweet revolving year,

And I shall rest below
 And scarcely know

Yet haply when there shoots
 March life in crabbed roots,
 My heart shall wake to feel
 It upward steal

The new fledged birds shall bring
 Me solace when they sing,
 And stir the boughs that meet
 Above my feet

And when the bees in tune
 Hum dreamily of June
 While o'er heaven on high
 Soft clouds float by,

The long sweet grass will fill
 And in brown weather be still
 By me, a thus long with
 Of never to be

The men will whistle too
Till twilight brings the day,
Then leave the fallen grass
And homeward pass

Their singing, low and sweet
Vibration of their feet,
The sense of youth again
Will soothe my brain

With face and limbs and hair
Dark on the misty air,
They'll pass my dreaming eyes
When day-light dies

And e'er September's wind
The elm tree shade has thinned
When rustles droop, and reeds
Shake out their seeds

When autumn sunsets make
A glory through the brake

And down the woodland glades
The amber fades,

Some maiden burnt on fire,
Shamed with her new desire,
Just vaked to passionate will,
And trembling still,

Will come to hide her face
With all its girlish grace,
Where shining waters lave
My greenwood grave

Her wealth of shining tress
And glowing cheek will bless
The cool fresh blades that start
Out of my heart

There's lust, husband alone
No fire to shame her own,
She'll give her quivering breast
One hour of rest

And I, perchance, who I now

So well the trial or woe

Of love, and oft before

Have taught its lore,

Through stress of love may gain

Some skill to quell her pain,

And send through blade and flower

Some magic power

Howe'er it be, I I now

That lying there below,

My quiet dust will stir

With joy in her,

That all her youth will be

Like noontide rain to me,

Her beauty like the sun

Wher ever is done

Then let them shed no tear

Who hold my memory dear,

But pass, and leave me there,

In woodland air

Hemmed round by birds and bees,

To haunt the murmuring tree ,

When all this life is done

Beneath the sun

EPILOGUE

If thou didst see the sacred muse,
 Beware lest Nature, past recall,
Indignant at that crime, refuse
 Thine entrance to her audience hall,
 Beware lest sea, and sky, and all
That bears reflection of her face
 Be blotted with a hueless pall
Of unhuman red complexion

The moving heaven, in rhythmic time
 Roll, if thou watch them or restrain
The waves upon the shore in rhyme
 But, heedless of thy loss or gain
 Not they, but thou, hast lived in vain
If thou art deaf and dumb and blind

Parched in the heart of morning rain,
And on the flaming altar stand

Ah ! desolate hour when that shall be,
When dew and sunlight, rain and wind,
Shall seem but trivial things to thee,
Unloved, unheeded undivined,
Nay, rather let that morning find
Thy molten soul exhaled and gone,
Than in a living death resigned
So darkly still to labour on

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